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Things in General

It has long been my contention that charities of every kind should be under the control of state authorities whose experience should be undoubted and whose humanity and ability should be the occasion of their appointment as overseers. I have before me a long and exhaustive statement by one Colonel J. Elliott, dated April 15th, 1903. The communication contains eight pages of three columns each of the warmest sort of attack upon the management of the Home for Incurables. In the fly leaf he says: "In 1895, \$1,723 was expended on 121 patients and staff; in 1901, \$3,287 was expended on 126 patients and staff—an addition of \$1,564 for the extra five patients. And yet more wonderful still! we find that only \$1,561 was expended in 1894 for 117 patients, whilst it took \$1,564 more for these five extra patients in 1901." He brings out in large figures in his tabulated statement that \$4,805 occurred in "sundry small items, other expenditure not mentioned," in one year, when less than \$300 had covered the same item for previous years. Without going into the details, which are given most elaborately, it appears from his statement that in the Home for Incurables women incapable of caring for their own hair have become so lousy that the attacks of the vermin are intolerable. He alleges that bedbugs infest the resting-places of the patients, and from enquiries which I have made amongst the nurses I find that bedbugs are not an unknown quantity in this delectable home. Colonel Elliott applied to the Mayor for an investigation, which resulted in a report from Mr. Walsh, who is quoted in the communication as saying that things were certainly in a bad condition. It is only fair to state in this connection that incurable patients of any kind are very hard to nurse and are apt to make most unjustifiable complaints. That bedbugs and lice prey upon their persons is an intolerable suggestion. Cripples and people who cannot defend themselves against parasites must be put to frightful torture by the presence even in a few instances of such vermin. I have not the pleasure of Colonel Elliott's acquaintance—the pamphlet was handed to me by a clergyman—but he seems to be an old gentleman who has done much in looking after the poor and incompetent. He boldly alleges that the whole trouble is occasioned by the Home being managed by a lot of incompetent women. That he says so does not make it true, though the fact that he has taken a lot of pains and spent a lot of money to get the facts before the public indicates that he is in earnest and that there is something wrong behind what is alleged to be philanthropy. Personally I do not believe in women managing public institutions. Almost invariably they run to fads and employ incompetent help. In confessing my sympathy with Colonel Elliott in this phase of his complaint I am only expressing what has been made evident to me by the conduct of "lady boards" in every institution with which I have had any acquaintance. The matter should be attended to, and will be if I can be of any use to those who are seeking to reorganize the system. I have taken the pains to talk with nurses, and undeniably there is something wrong. Every allowance must be made for complaints of incurably sick people who are always wanting something that they shouldn't have, but the facts as Colonel Elliott displays them need attention. There should be no bedbugs in an eleemosynary institution. Incapable women should not have parasites in their hair. People who are taken in to be cared for should not be disregarded for hours at a time. If there are people in the institution who are chronic complainers and demand extraordinary attention they should be removed to some other place of treatment. The whole thing is wrong, and no institution should be run by an outfit of women who are not by experience, training or other preparation made suitable for the task they undertake. Our institutions of all kinds should be under public control, managed by experts, and kept in good order. The afflicted are a task that we must accept; the aged, poor and the improvident when they come to a time of life that makes them incapable should be cared for by the general public, but the institution should be looked after by the servants of the people, not by some outfit which elects itself and almost invariably shows its incompetence.

In connection with the above, the case of Mrs. Dinwoody, which was partially aired in the Police Court on Wednesday, will not tend to allay suspicion that all is not as it should be at the Home for Incurables. According to the reports in the daily papers, prior to the investigation into the affairs of the Home the inmates were "warned" that lying would be punished—which might be interpreted as an act of intimidation. Mrs. Mary Jane Dinwoody, an aged patient, paralyzed from the waist down, gave evidence against the management notwithstanding this "warning," and she is said to have been promptly discharged. Having no place to go, she was arrested for vagrancy and sentenced to jail for thirty days with the option of a fine, but some friends paid the fine and settled her at 194 Elizabeth street. However, she couldn't keep her rent paid, and she hired a hack, which took her to the Home for Incurables, where she appealed for readmission, but was turned away. She was then arrested by Detective Verney and taken to the police station in a hack. So badly paralyzed is this aged woman said to be that the police magistrate had to go to her in the cells to hear her case, and he remanded her for a week in order that it may be determined whether the Home can be compelled to take in an eligible patient who applies for admission. These are the particulars of the case as given in the press, and while there is likely to be quite another side to the story, on its surface it looks as if the authorities of the Home had acted in a high-handed spirit, quite in keeping with Colonel Elliott's charges.

In connection with the Dinwoody case, Rev. Dr. Weeks of Walmer Road Baptist Church, who is championing the cause of the aged outcast, is reported in an interview with the "Daily Star" as saying that he could bring twelve clergymen who would condemn the action of the Home towards this woman. He thought that it was an institution towards which the public contributed largely, and that the woman should be taken in by the authorities of the Home. The action of the Home also came in for the disapproval of Rev. Mr. Sims, curate of the Church of the Messiah. He thought that where there was a lot of smoke concerning the management there must be some fire. He stated that several society ladies had retired from the board of management of the Home because they were not satisfied with the way it was being conducted.

The Gamey investigation has been adjourned with the defence practically concluded. Nothing has been proven, and to the public mind it appears that nothing has been disproven. Mr. Stratton's evidence was indisputably strong, yet it seems very difficult to see what the whole thing was originally about if Gamey's story was a pure fabrication. In a week or so we shall have some more of it, and in the meantime the public are asked to suspend judgment. Whether the people are suspending judgment or not is a matter of individual concern, yet with so much evidence in, so much disbelief in what has been said, and with such a great amount of experience of what in politics has been done, it can quite safely be said that a verdict has been arrived at.

The difference between telling a lie and swearing to one is much less than devout people contend. It has been said that there is no graduated scale of lying. An untruth is a lie, no matter where or how it is told, yet it must be held that the intention of a lie should be estimated when the untruth is being weighed. The not-at-home lie, so often spoken at the front door by servants, is a mere conventionality supposed to ease the outgoing of the visitor as the statement that the mistress of the house was unwilling to receive her would not do. An untruthful reply to a question that no one has a right to ask seems to be justifiable, for to avoid such a reply one would have to assume the offensive and argue the question as to whether the query ought to have been put, and at the same time such a course would imply a desire to evade a straight reply. A lie which is told with a purpose of injuring the character or business or public standing of another is, after all, the real and malicious

thing. Since lies are not told to evade an answer which might seem unkindly, but are the essence of unkindness itself, the man capable of telling such a lie is generally willing to swear to it, and, after all, if we are not devout believers in the superstition that a lie as sworn to is a lie to which God is called as witness, it cannot be very much more difficult for interested people to perjure themselves than it is for them to indulge in untruths. Those accustomed to the task of cross-examining witnesses under oath find that the principal difference between lying and perjury is in the punishment which can be inflicted upon the perjurer and not upon the liar. The state examination concerning the probity of the Government of this province has been conducted under oath. It is for no one to say which side is lying and perjurying itself to the greater extent. There is popular belief that some extraordinary swearing has been done. The effect of this perjury has not been edifying; the people believe that there is considerable truth in what has been sworn out of court. This popular belief may be entirely wrong, but the result of it cannot be good. People whose fountain source of good morals is corrupted cannot be expected to live up to a very high standard of truthfulness. "Swearing things through" may be effective, but such a procedure is exceedingly dangerous. We must all recognize that either Gamey is a perjurer or the witnesses for the defence must be; it is not impossible to believe that to a certain extent both are. The uncharitableness of the human mind tends to a disregard of all the evidence and towards a judgment which excludes the veracity of all the witnesses. Politics have come to a painful pitch when the truth of politicians is liable to be laughed at. Is it not extraordinary to conceive of a situation, created by the people themselves, of such intensity that all moral

is only estimated by judges who give their decisions in accordance with the volume of evidence and entire disregard of their own opinion as to what is the truth?

The mere kissing of the Bible as a preliminary to a statement should be regarded as nothing but an official declaration that detected perjury will be punished. Those who do not believe in that special type of Bible do not feel themselves bound to tell the truth any more than they would in ordinary conversation. Some people manage to kiss the thumb with which they hold the Bible instead of the book itself, and thus feel excused from any restraints. Altogether the whole business is so disgracefully bad, so notoriously inefficient in producing truthful statements, that some new method ought to be inaugurated. Surely it is not that belief in the Bible itself is becoming so much of a rarity that veracity is scarce! The ordinary citizen who seldom goes into court has as a rule some special interests to impel him to untruthfulness, and will naturally evade telling what would damage his friend's cause, though he is truthful when made to put his evidence into words. Probably ninety per cent. of the population would delight in telling the truth where no friend of theirs would be injured, and probably less than ten per cent. would display the entire facts to a trial judge if they had been invited by an interested party to come up and "help them through the case."

What is the cause of this general tendency to untruthfulness and concealment of truth? Is it not that ordinary business is conducted with a view to the concealment of facts and the presentation of statements which are manufactured to sell goods? How much of the private life of people is absolutely truthful and honest? How many people are quite what they seem? How many are willing to tell exactly what

before in the history of Toronto. In brief, let it be said that the workmen are living better and the business men are living poorer than ever before. Offices for the conduct of business have not increased in value; the residences of men who are working for those who are doing business have nearly doubled in rental. The men who are slaving night and day to give the men employment can be seen to be worried and hard stricken. The workmen themselves are affluent and in many cases insolent. It gives me pleasure to see workmen prosperous; it gives me pain to see them regardless of their employers and insistent upon those prices which must induce ruin. Apparently the new civilization is teaching the people that those who work with their hands must be equally paid with those who work with their heads, though their responsibilities are marvelously less and their undertakings are very small. The only bricklayer who can make money as a master is the one who sets the pace as foreman on the building, where as many bricks must be set by his subordinates as by himself. I have seen workmen in countries where twelve hours a day was the rule, work very slowly, and it was very ineffectual in the construction of a building. I have heard the modern workman contrast the amount of work done in a ten-hour-a-day assignment with the twelve-hour-a-day stunt. No doubt men working ten hours a day can do as much as those working two hours longer. Then it became nine hours a day, and it was contended that the men would do as much in nine hours as in ten. Eight hours a day is becoming the rule, and possibly men who work to the limit of their strength can do as much in eight hours as they did in twelve? Are the rules of to-day as exacting in producing the amount of work as they were when twelve hours was the limit? I do not think so. Is the four hours cut off their toil used to their advantage? What do they learn in those four hours? Certainly not to be more loyal to their employers; certainly not to be more loyal to their families or themselves. Rents have become so high in modern buildings, for the erection of which extraordinary prices are paid, that they make less than two per cent. on the investment. This sort of thing cannot go on. Even the workingman who has nothing invested must bear a share of the burden. He is paying it where he lives; a wage-worker seems to think he does not pay it where he works. If, as all the writers contend who are spending their time on industrial subjects, he lives up to his entire income and is working for a wife and children with no regard for the future, he and his family must spend an alternate period as extended as that of his good times, in want and possibly starvation, that the evening up of things can be brought about. The world has not changed, though its conditions apparently have undergone many alterations. The good times and the hard times must be put together. Building and commerce generally are discouraged by extraordinary demands of laborers. The only way things may be equalized is by extraordinary reductions in pay. Those who think that they can make exorbitant demands and have their clamor listened to for a short season, should remember that the season will come when they will receive less. The country which can provide a more equitable distribution must be made up of level-headed people and not be controlled by those who think that while the money is going they must seize it. Those are the people who spend it, entirely oblivious of the fact that the law of average will leave them unemployed for months, if not years, after they have established a rate which it is impossible to maintain.

CAPITAL has been much to blame for seizing on a period of prosperity to inaugurate an entirely different condition of affairs. Capitalists as well as laborers seem to have forgotten that there is a limit at which exactions must end. The world is much subdivided and everybody is looking in everybody else's face for some sign of the reaction. Capitalists have paid the rate and a dollar now seems a frivolous thing and hardly compares in its purchasing quality with two shillings of not long ago. Everything must readjust. The world has not changed in values, only in demands. What is demanded is vastly more than it was once; what is obtained is of no greater value. When people recognize that everybody cannot live like fighting cocks, then everybody will proceed to live on a very much smaller scale. When this smaller scale is reached general expenditure will decrease by nearly half, general payments will decrease in the same ratio, and values of all kinds will shrink in proportion. Values are not settled quantities, but must rise and fall with human endeavor, and it cannot be said that endeavor is increasing with the price of commodities and the decrease of the number of hours' work and the amount of work done.

THE man who was weary of the make-believes of the theaters went to the marvelously successful Military Tournament and Horse Show and found there fresh, real stories with real people acting them. He was a Bohemian, and found himself in a different world from the one in which he was wont to move. So from this disinterested standpoint he gathered in a few impressions. What gayer background could there be than the bright banners covering the walls, the yellow and purple of the Horse Show displayed everywhere, and the soldiers walking about, gorgeous in gold and red, with clinking spurs, and above all the perfectly gowned women and faultlessly fashionable men shining in the boxes of the spectators? But so much did they seem to enact among themselves that the weary One found many things to think about. It was all so much a matter of competition, keen, relentless, yet exhilarating. And yet when he gazed upon the warily costumed ladies vying with each other for superior excellence, more so than the men competing in matters of skill, strength and agility even, his spirits sank with the thought of the uselessness of it all. This anxiety to appear best of all is well concealed, however, only a little unconscious lifting of the eyebrow or a cold glance hastily withdrawn when detected now and again betraying the inward jealousy of each other. If you want to feel happy there, the only way is to go shabbily dressed, so that the thought at least that fortune is unjust and has passed an extra good thing in you, for a great many more worthless folk who do not appreciate their blessings, will console you. It seems as though it would be like running a race to the asylum to vie with them in toilettes. So much he saw of those high in social standing yet anxiously waiting for recognition from those still higher and coldly unresponsive to those others seeking favor from them for the same reasons, that he was glad he had elected to win the public favor by merit or genius, whichever one chose to call it. The infection of pride and pomposity spread itself over to the horses and they pranced and curvetted around, while the prize winners must have experienced a fine feeling when the ribbon was attached and fluttered triumphantly in the breeze. The military exhibitions were all most fascinating, and while he watched, the weary One said to himself, "Some day this may have to be done in earnest, and the dummies that are so recklessly thrown about will be living men, and when it is all over the faces will not look so unconcerned." The cadets of the Royal Military College did some very fine work, and the whole performance was one full of interest. In spite of the brilliancy of the scene though, there was a most regrettable lack of really fine men. They did not look the tough, thoroughly trained athletes they should have been. In the physical drills they did the exercises well, but without the smoothness of regularly practised soldiers. But they are young yet and much may happen to bring out the strength that is in each. So the weary One went home, refreshed by his philosophizing.



COACHING OUR GUEST.

Rev. Dr. Milligan to Lord Minto:—"We don't mind helping you enjoy yourself, but be sure you behave on Sunday."

obligations are disregarded by political parties in order to obtain or retain power? The evil or the weakness, whichever we may designate it, lies deeper than the conduct of the men who officiate as Ministers or leaders of the Opposition. There is much to be won and lost even in provincial elections; there is patronage to be had, influences which can be used, and personal preferment in a hundred ways which can be induced. The political party in power has much to say about who shall and who shall not come to the front or be helped in financial ways. The self-interest of people—it is self-interest that actuates the majority of people—inclines them to favor those who, in high places, could return the favor with a reasonable rate of interest. The self-interests of the Province of Ontario have been evenly divided. The Government has been a fairly reputable one; the Opposition to it has of recent years been of a nondescript sort. The heavy taxpayer and the ordinary citizen has not felt himself sufficiently injured to try to change the conduct of affairs. Prosperity has brought a certain amount of sloth and inaction; diversity of interests and a division of the electorate into Protestant and Catholic ranks have made it possible for one outfit to be played against the other. Roman Catholicism, organically, is a perpetual menace to the propriety of government because it is always willing to side with those who will give it the most advantages. Pandering to these, both parties have fallen on their faces and heaven only knows the offices which have been given by those in power and the promises made by those looking for power to the seventeen per cent. of religionists which seems willing always to sway to the side of the stronger.

The liquor interest, those who sell and to a certain extent encourage the use of intoxicants, have been a strong force in the making and unmaking of Governments in this respectable Province of Ontario. It is quite true that they have interests which must be regarded, and that they cater for a class which God created as evidently as He created those who believe that cold water, or tea at the worst, should be the ordinary beverage. These people have an influence vastly exceeding their importance, founded as it is that of the Roman Catholic clergy, who can swing their congregations to a support of a church project as those dealing in liquor can swing a large percentage of their customers in accordance with their wishes and the amount of free liquor they supply.

When swearing begins, men of a particular sort lead the entire procession in the volubility of their testimony. Things which the ordinary judgment of man decides to be distinctly proven are sworn out of court by men who would not be believed in a suit for possession of a stray dog. Are we to permit these influences, which are thoroughly understood to be unreliable, to sweep over the province or over the country and make perjury so common that it will soon be esteemed to be a legitimate business? Are accusations to be made so openly and backed by these influences that even Cabinet Ministers are listened to with incredulity when they swear to the contrary? Isn't swearing—of the court kind—becoming so common and its political use so apparent, that its value

they know if they are aware that their statement will do damage to a friend who on his part can be of advantage to their business? To sum the matter up, how much truth is there in the world, and of what exists how is it used? Is it not advanced to cover propositions which are not in themselves quite truthful? Is not truth used very much as a veneer, as a flavor, as a disguise for what is disputable? If we admit this, where must we go to find the source of this limited liability, this limited truthfulness, thus limited responsibility for statements? Is it not in religion, as taught by the priests and pastors of to-day, that we find the source of concealments, exaggerations and absolute deviations from truth? Is it not in religion that people find their inspiration for their whole being and doing and saying? If, then, the Church itself, struggling with the higher criticism and scientific discoveries and evolution and a reversal of many things that have been held to be positively true, is dodging and evading, how can the people be expected to be truthful regardless of results? We hear a vast amount of talk about religion and morality being taught in the schools. If people could only believe that truth is being taught in the pulpits they would not listen with such incredulity to evidence which is given in courts. The fountain of our entire moral life has been polluted by creed and dogma and a desire to hold to what is untenable, and as a result nobody is listened to nowadays without being suspected of lying.

A SCANDAL in connection with the granting of public lands to the C.P.R. is exciting the attention of British Columbia. The ex-Premier is prominent in connection with the charges being made, and unless Mr. Dunsmuir, who had every opportunity of knowing what was going on, is absolutely wrong or recklessly trying to make trouble for his successor, the whole political system has been absolutely disreputable. It is to be hoped that the entire matter will be probed to the bottom, for if the C.P.R. is in the habit of obtaining lands and benefits on the system that Mr. Dunsmuir is endeavoring to expose, the lobbyists of this road should be excluded from every Legislature and Parliament in the Dominion, as it has long been contended that lobbyists of all kinds should.

THOUGH not writing for the industrial classes—for I am told that my views are quite objectionable to them, though they should not be, for they have no better friend on the press of America than I can demonstrate myself to have been—I see in the enormous strikes which are taking place the temporary finish of industrial prosperity on this continent. On every side I see business men getting poorer and wage-earners becoming more insolent. This is not a condition which creates public confidence or sympathy. Offices not occupied by banks or institutions which have a particular graft are renting at a less price, considering the increased taxes and cost of maintenance, than they did years ago. Residences, except the very expensive ones which were once occupied by capitalists, are calling for higher rents than ever

THOSE who think they know, are stating that the Grand Trunk continental scheme is to be given a cash subsidy of \$5,000 a mile. It would look very much as if the Dominion were to be divided up amongst corporations and not reserved for the people. Cash or land subsidies are out of date in a country which is already so well on the way to development as Canada. While immigration is pouring in, difficulties may be felt with regard to getting the products of the soil to market, but if the profits of the farmers are as great as they are said to be, it should not be long before companies could be formed by the men who have products to

export. Is it not better to suffer the troubles we have in the shape of too few and too small elevators and an insufficient number of "feeding" railroads, than to forever burden ourselves with debts which will enable railroad companies to control our politics and practically enslave our people? Ever since Canada was a country it has been approaching all great questions in the spirit of experimentalism. That the experiments have proven enormous successes to those engaged in them seems to teach us nothing. That a country which pays such vast subsidies to railroads should have some sort of lien on them is apparent to the most thoughtless. The policy of the various Governments, however, seems to be in the direction of further enslaving the country by paying great corporations to enchain it with steel and make themselves masters of the situation.

THE great immigration scheme of Rev. Mr. Barr bears on its face, where so many bruises have been implanted by the colonists, evidence that clergymen may be out looking for "the stuff" as well as other people, and that their sacred calling may be a successful disguise for their sordid projects. Rev. Mr. Barr has either been overestimated by the colonists who followed him to Saskatoon or else he has had a hope, fed by the corporations with whom he has dealt, of becoming rich by being the Moses of an exodus, the history of which cannot be said to be altogether to his credit. I have followed this somewhat remarkable hebra with a great deal of interest. I was at St. John, N.B., the day the people left for the West, and the papers contained some of the most startling attacks upon the management of the expedition. Either Mr. Barr is a money-maker who does not regard the inconvenience of others, or the people he has brought to this country are making the most extraordinary complaints which well used men and women could frame. Another view of the question which many people are taking, is that Mr. Barr is not a business man and has been imposed upon by those with whom he dealt. The very best possible view of Mr. Barr is to believe that he did not know what he was trying to do. From the beginning until the anticipated end he has been absolutely inefficient, and if the Canadian Government had not taken hold of the colony and sought to make their incoming reasonably advantageous to them, the disaster to the immigrants would have been such as to do Canada vastly more harm than good. It would seem to be wise for the Government to take hold of these immigration movements when the people prepare to start, not when they are half way to their new homes. If the Government takes charge of the settlers at once instead of leaving them to noisy and ineffectual men of the Barr variety, we could hope for better results than are apt to spring from Mr. Barr's attempted colonization. That the Government did step in and prevented widespread dissatisfaction and disaster is doubtless greatly to its credit. That it did not take charge of the movement sooner shows an unprepared state of an immigration policy which ought to grasp a situation before it becomes painful and likely to prevent others from joining similar expeditions.

THE Church of England Conference on Education, which was held here last week, passed four strong resolutions. One who has been following these discussions in synods and elsewhere can almost guess the nature of the motions adopted, for our Anglican brethren have been working on this tack for many years. A summary of the proceedings indicates that the Church of England desires that selections from the Old and New Testaments shall be taught to the young in Public schools; that a committee be appointed to consult with other bodies in this province in view of co-operation on religious teaching in the schools; that the scheme of voluntary schools in affiliation with the common schools is fair and reasonable; and "that the voluntary schools are not to be separate schools, but only to secure effective religious instruction for the use of our country under our Public school system wherever possible." Of course the zealous and irrepressible Mr. Lawrence Baldwin was distinctly in front, but it is to be feared that his agitation will get no further than the synods and Church of England Conference on Education. Church of England ministers and others, while eager to have the Bible taught in schools supported by general taxation, show but little anxiety to do such teaching themselves without compensation, and the main points of the whole effort to disturb secular schools are lost sight of in all the Anglican discussions which take place. The first and most important matter is whether it is the business of the state to give religious instruction of any kind, either in the pulpit or the schoolhouse. History indicates clearly that state-assisted religion degenerates into mere formalism, yet excites such rancorous denominational feuds as to make entirely impossible a unity of action such as is necessary to make it possible to give an elementary education to the youth of a country such as is required to proceed to higher education or for the ordinary purposes of citizenship. Any division of the elementary Public school system is bad. Any effort at this stage of religious belief to introduce anything but cold, empty and worthless formalism will result in the complete disavowal of the whole business. The Anglicans may be unaware of it, but they are wearing the minds of newspaper readers with their continual clamor for the state to assume a task which their denomination and all others but the Roman Catholics shirk in the most indefensible manner if the subject is as grave and necessary to the salvation of souls and the purity of politics as they allege. In England, where the Anglicans have had such extraordinary control over school funds, the status of the common people is far below that in Canada, where elementary education has been largely freed from clerical control. A letter of a correspondent contains amongst other things apropos of this church question a quotation from an article in the "Contemporary Review" for April, by Ven. Oscar D. Watkins, who says that among the educated classes as found in the British clubs and services and society generally, "not one man in a dozen is a convinced believer in the historical faith of Christendom." He adds, "This class refused to have had the most exclusive benefit of an Anglican education as taught in the schools and universities of England. Do the Canadian clergy know whether they are drifting?"

If the Anglicans, who are doubtless among our best citizens, want voluntary schools, the only way I see of their obtaining their heart's desire is to pay the shot. No doubt the Government would be willing to inspect them if requested to do so. Indeed, the Government should inspect every primary school, no matter who conducts it or who pays for it, on the ground that every child until twelve years of age is, in educational matters, a ward of the state and it is the duty of the state to see that he or she gets a proper groundwork of education. The convents, the private schools, the ladies' colleges which take primary pupils, the boys' schools where youngsters are sometimes sent instead of to public institutions, all should be inspected, the teachers required to be properly qualified, and the text-books authorized. This is the rule in Prussia and ought to be the rule here. But as we have such a good Public school system the great mass of the people are absolutely averse to the diversion of public money into sectarian channels. The row in Great Britain over the Education Bill should be a warning to Canadians whenever this sort of discussion is begun.

THE "Evening News" has started a campaign against the appointment or the retention of junior judges in counties where the population does not require such officials. The "News" is quite right in its contention that the present vacancies might very well be filled by moving junior judges from counties where they are not needed to localities where death has left the county bench unoccupied. The multiplication of useless officials in order to create patronage is utterly indefensible, as almost invariably such patronage is used not to improve the judiciary, but to give offices to men who have earned a political reward by shady practices.

KING EDWARD'S visit to France has developed so much enthusiasm amongst Frenchmen that it is being compared to the short sojourn in Paris of the Czar. Paris is in its element when it is receiving a Royal guest. The trees in the parks and along the streets are gay with tissue paper flowers, and the people are always ready to shout for or against a visitor by yelling themselves tired, yet France will continue to distrust England and England to dislike France the same as of yore. Why this should be the case is evident to nobody, for France and England should be the best of friends instead of chronic enemies. Perhaps there may be a permanency about this friendship which will be a godsend to Canada by bringing about the settlement of the French shore difficulty in Newfoundland. The loyalty of the French-Canadians should, and no doubt does, impress Frenchmen with the fact that Albion is not always perfidious. The attitude of Germany to Great Britain and Canada must also have some effect, and in this connection it might be remarked that Germany is gradually but effectively alienating herself from all her neighbors as well as being more heartily distrusted by the United States than any other nation.

TYPES OF CANADIAN BEAUTY.

II.



(Photo by Frederick Lyonde.)

Social and Personal.

A VICE-REGAL residence in Toronto has been looked forward to for several years, and anticipations have lately run high as to the pleasure and interest which it would add to the merry month of May with us. These anticipations are being realized in a very happy manner since the Governor-General and Lady Minto have taken up their abode in the Flavelle mansion in the Queen's Park. His Excellency and the Countess of Minto have the taste to entertain Toronto en ménage, and not en "menagerie," and are giving a succession of teas and dinners to the official and other sets which are large enough to be functions and not large enough to be crushes. The hard-worked aides are sending out cards to every section of the city and group by group the guests are being bidden to a pleasant afternoon or evening. This is very gratifying to social circles, but Lady Minto is shouldering the greater burden of seeing for herself how all the good and busy institutions of our city are managed and supported, and meeting personally the officials and inmates. Lady Minto has won Toronto, there is no denying, even if anyone wanted to deny it. From grave to gay, from two-year-olds to budding centenarians, there isn't an inmate of the many institutions visited by the charming Countess where her bright smile, her sensible and sympathetic remarks and her genuine interest have not accented the impression always made by her dainty and elegant appearance. Lady Minto has the gift of being in earnest, whether she laughs at some funny episode or is serious over some affecting story or case, or simply takes in the details of any concern with quick mental grasp. People are everywhere learning to appreciate the Lady of Rideau as she deserves, and scarcely ever has anyone been quicker and better liked here.

On Wednesday the second "afternoon" given by Lady Minto was enjoyed by a pleasant party of ladies who were received most cordially and looked after by the aides in the perfect manner born of years of experience. Everyone is delighted to know that Captain Graham is to be back on His Excellency's staff very soon. He was so popular in Ottawa and so much appreciated in the vice-regal menage that his return while the "Court" is in Toronto is fortunate for us. Captain Graham is a bit of a litterateur, and has written some delightfully clever "nonsense," and, I think, also some amusing plays.

Last evening His Excellency and Lady Minto gave a dinner, the second of the week, and most charmingly arranged.

Mrs. Julius Miles gave a seven-hand euchre of four tables on Wednesday afternoon for her niece Mrs. Drury of Kingston, who is visiting Mr. Harry Patterson. Mrs. Drury and her sister, Mrs. Marks, are the jolliest of women, and the table at which they played was never dull. Mrs. James Ince won the prize at this table, and the other lucky ones were Mrs. Herbert Robinson of Kingston, Mrs. A. Burritt and Mrs. Donald Edwards, who were charmed with their winnings. The booby prizes were most quaint and comical, and were exhibited with pride by Mrs. Hood, Mrs. Marks, Miss Barker and Mrs. Burrows. After the game a delicious little tea was served, the daughters of the hostess being assisted by several of the guests. Among the players were Mrs. Drury, Mrs. Marks, Mrs. R. Miles, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. G. D. Warren, Mrs. J. Ince, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Hood, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. Burritt, Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Mrs. Gladwick, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Herbert Robinson, Mrs. H. Alley, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. R. Northcote, Mrs. George Broughall, Mrs. J. Grayson Smith, Mrs. F. Wilson, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Stikeman, Miss Mair, Miss Barker, and Miss Lola Henderson.

The Kneisel Quartette played some of their most lovely music to the most distinguished audience for its size which could be chosen in Toronto. Association Hall is a wretched place for a smart concert on account of the extraordinary ventilation or want of it which is so often remarked. Several persons were saying how pretty and comfortable it might be made for such concerts as were on last Wednesday. It looked very smart indeed, with the vice-regal and gubernatorial boxes occupying the place of several rows of seats in the west gallery, which was festooned with white and rose pink and wreathed with smilax. The loges were carpeted and furnished with comfortable rattan chairs. The vice-regal party, with Captain Bell as A.D.C., arrived about half-past eight. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. and Miss Clark, with Commander Law as A.D.C., were already in their places, and rose with the audience to welcome the Governor-General and Lady Minto. Mrs. Alec Cartwright played the National Anthem and the audience sang. Lady Minto wore that very becoming and sparkling black and silver gown which was so much admired at the Musical Festival, and carried a sheaf of Bridesmaid roses. She wore some small deep pink flowers on her corsage and in her hair. Mrs. George Dickson, who looked very handsome in deep pink brocade, and Miss Grace Boulton in black silk with wide white lace bertha, were invited by Lady Minto to sit in the vice-regal box. Among those who enjoyed the music of the perfect quartette were Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck and Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp and Miss Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklen, Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Miss Hahn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne, who had with them Mrs. Eardley Willmott and Miss Lola Powell of Ottawa, and a brilliant and handsome trio of women were hostesses and guests: Mrs. Charles Moss and Miss Moss, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Mr. Wynder Strath, Professor Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Boulton, Mrs. Alphonse Jones, Mrs. and Miss Heaven Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. and the Misses Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Langton, Mrs. Vankoughnet and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mrs. and Miss Allarton Goshing, the Misses Carty, Mrs. and Miss Britton, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Archibald, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Miss Aileen Gooderham, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. F. Cox, Miss Sweetman, Mr. Sears, Mrs. J. A. and Miss Peterson, Mrs. and Miss Mara, the Misses Matthews, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Ramsay, Miss Miriam Hellmuth, Mr. Jack Meredith, Mrs. H. Bethune, Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Miss Jarvis, Miss Darling, Miss Redden, the

Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. H. Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Rev. Marmaduke Hare, Miss Marjorie Cochrane, Miss Oeler, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reeves, Miss Macdonald, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. King. The public is under great obligation to the Woman's Musical Club for this treat of exquisite music.

Lady Minto's engagements for Tuesday morning included a visit to the Aged Men's and Women's Homes in Belmont street (where she delighted the old people with a cheery word and the interest she evinced in every arrangement for their well-being), and also a call at the Industrial Refuge.

Mrs. George Higginbotham, one of last year's brides, will receive on next Friday afternoon at 81 Dupont street. She received yesterday also.

On Tuesday evening the resident girl students of the Conservatory of Music, chaperoned by the Residence lady, Miss Denzil, gave a very pleasant informal dance to a jolly party of their friends.

Mrs. Marks gave a luncheon on Thursday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Drury of Kingston. Covers were laid for ten, and the guests were a most congenial and jolly party.

Among those invited to tea at the vice-regal residence on Wednesday were: Lady Meredith, Lady Clarke of Edinburgh, Lady Thompson, Lady Boyd, Mrs. Harcourt, the Misses Ross, Miss Cayley, Mrs. Potts, Mrs. G. E. and Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Mason of Erneleigh, Mrs. and Miss Arnold, Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. and the Misses Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Moss, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Bastedo, Mrs. Gladwick, Mrs. and Miss Kingsford, Miss Aikins, Mrs. and Miss Brock, Mrs. and Miss Kemp, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Nelles, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. and Miss Boulton, Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. and Miss Denison of Rusholme, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. and Miss Hardy, Mrs. and Miss Miles, Mrs. and Miss Morrison, Mrs. Ridout, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Henry Osborne, Miss Lola Powell, Mrs. Eardley Willmott, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, Mrs. MacCulloch, Mrs. Carpenter, Miss McDonough, Mrs. Cronyn, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Coulson and Miss Leys.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne gave a charming dinner at McConkey's after the concert at Glendeth on Thursday. Mrs. Eardley Willmott was the guest of Mrs. Osborne during her stay in town.

Lord Dundonald was an interested guest at the Horse Show on Saturday. He occupied one of the boxes on the line, and was in mufti, consequently many did not observe the quiet-looking gentleman who commands the forces of the Dominion.

There was a good deal of a rush at entertaining during the last three days of the Horse Show, as is unavoidable when one has to feed lions, and isn't quite certain of their arrival. The dinners given at the Toronto Club and the suppers on Thursday and Friday were very pleasant and smart. The women who graced them were the essence of chic, and wore their handsome gowns most happily. On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Hammond gave a beautiful supper at the club, at which the guests were mostly out-of-town people, Major Panet and his fair bride, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie of Holmstead, Mrs. Willie Macpherson, Colonel Reade and Mr. and Mrs. Adams being of the party. Colonel Thompson gave another supper of fourteen covers the same evening, as did also Mr. Albert Nordheimer. Mr. George Nicol was one of the hosts of a supper there on Friday evening. Colonel and Mrs. James Mason gave a Horse Show supper on Thursday evening in the Rose room at McConkey's. Mrs. Rankin Campbell of Chicago was the guest of honor. She has been visiting Mrs. McArthur, St. George street, and returned on Saturday to her home. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick also gave a cosy supper at McConkey's.

On Thursday and Friday evenings Mr. and Mrs. Hammond gave dinners of fourteen covers at the Toronto Club, the guests going on to the Horse Show.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto entertained at supper on Thursday of Horse Show week. Two tables were set for the repast, and a very brilliant company, men being in the majority, were present. Mrs. Panet (nee Birmingham of Kingston) had the honor of being taken in first after the Governor-General led the way to the table.

The vagaries of the electric lights at the vice-regal residence are the cause of expostulation, not loud but deep. They go "in and out," and make themselves at home in a manner most unwarrantable in such exalted surroundings.

The annual meeting of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire came off with much eclat on Monday afternoon, when Lady Minto honored the gathering of loyal women, girls and children with her presence. Her reception was prettily provided for, and the usual tribute of lovely roses was offered and graciously accepted. The affair took place in the Conservatory Music Hall, and the business meeting was followed by a nice little tea.

It would be a graceful return to Lady Minto for her ever willing and intelligent entering into all our interests and work in Toronto, if the women of our city would take their usual winning way and collect from those smiling prosperously just now, the small sum necessary to finish the marking of the Canadian soldiers' graves in South Africa. By all accounts the work has, so far, been well and faithfully done, and if a couple of thousands will finish it, then a couple of thousands should be gathered up without delay. I fancy such a gathering would be our best acknowledgment of our pleasure in the visit and kindness of the Countess of Minto this month.

Mrs. Delamere, of Cecil street, gave an informal five o'clocker yesterday to a pleasant party of friends, who much enjoyed meeting for an hour. Some few days since, Mrs. Delamere also entertained at tea in honor of Lady Tilley, whose many friends regretted that her stay in town was so short.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote sail this day week for England. They have leased their house on the Island to Mr. and Mrs. Ball, who have been in residence during the season at the Rossin.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Foote have taken up their residence in Deer Park. Madame de Chadenedes, nee Hilary, is visiting her aunt, Miss Hilary. Miss Jennie Holland and Mrs. Oliver Cowan have gone abroad for a year. Mr. Louis P. Wood is spending some weeks with his parents, Hon. S. C. and Mrs. Wood, in Avenue road.

A very pleasant and pretty little tea was given one afternoon last week by Mrs. George Newman, nee Fuller, in honor of Mrs. Herbert Robinson of Kingston and Miss Belford of Ottawa. The tea-table was simply and beautifully done with white lace center and calla lilies. Mrs. Fuller poured tea, and her daughters assisted in waiting upon their sister's guests.

Mr. W. Goulding, of St. George street, has kindly placed part of his house at the disposal of Major Maude and Mr. Sladen, His Excellency's secretaries. Mrs. Maude is at the vice-regal residence. She came on from Ottawa the latter part of the Horse Show week.

Mrs. George Allen, of Winnipeg, is visiting friends in town. Miss Vankoughnet and Miss Hugel will spend the summer in Port Hope. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Seagram were welcome guests in town last week.

Mr. James Peters, son of Colonel Peters, D.O.C., London, was in town for the Horse Show, and has gone on to his people. He is attached to the Bengal Lancers and is home on leave.

Captain Crean, having completely recovered from a critical operation, is sailing from London on the "Orlando" May 9th to rejoin his regiment on the west coast of Africa.

The Misses Stimson came to town a few days since, and are at 50 St. George street. Their friends are always glad to welcome these two ladies to Toronto.

Mrs. J. A. Macdonell, of Prescott, came up for the Horse Show, and was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Law, Sherbourne street.

Mr. Cockshutt gave a delightful dinner of twenty covers at the Toronto Club during Horse Show week. Mrs. James Grace is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bacon, in Ottawa.



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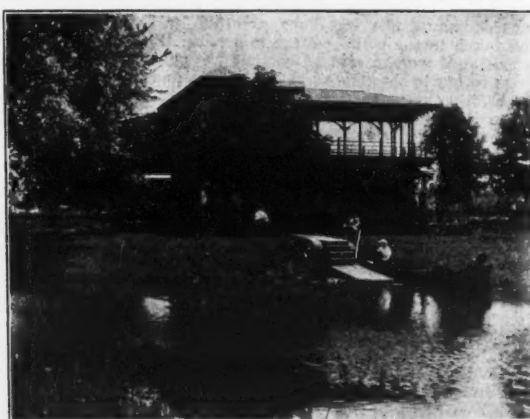
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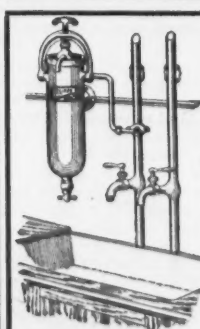
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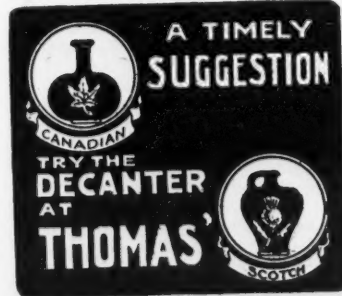
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Social and Personal.

Lady Burton of Oak Lodge and Miss Burton are removing to the corner of Beverley and D'Arcy streets, and another old home with traditions innumerable of hospitality and family history has closed its doors upon the past. Those who have been privileged to enjoy the refined and happy atmosphere of a home presided over by Lady Burton, and of which the late Sir George Burton was so courtly and cordial a host, will regret that its charm must now be only a memory. Lady Burton has been for some weeks on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Burton during the change of residence.

About forty notices have reached me during the past week from ladies announcing that they will not receive again this season. It is obviously impossible to spare the space to insert all these notices, and, besides, it is generally taken for granted that the majority of our hostesses do not keep their reception days regularly after the first of May. Here and there intimate coteries continue to take tea together at favorite houses on the "day" of the winter season, but formal calls and reception days are quite out of date. This will explain to persons who have wished the above mentioned notices inserted why such have not appeared.

The visitors' book at the vice-regal residence has not been closed, and those wishing to inscribe their names may still do so.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson of New York, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Jones during the Horse Show, left at the beginning of the week for their home. Mrs. Jones gave a dinner of some twenty covers in honor of their visit, at which Mrs. Hudson wore an exquisite white gown with very wide crystal fringes. Knowing ones remarked the magnificent pearls worn by Mrs. Hudson on opening night at the Horse Show, and recognized the famous collection which has been quoted as only slightly less valuable than that of the Queen Dowager of Italy. On Sunday Mr. Charles Cronyn entertained the Hudsons and their hosts at the Hunt Club. The New Yorkers declared themselves delighted with their visit to Toronto, where they will always be welcome guests.

Professor and Mrs. Clark gave a tea on Monday afternoon for Sir John and Lady Clarke of Rothesay Place, Edinburgh, who have been spending a few days in Toronto. The professor's library at Trinity was the scene of the cosy and informal reunion, at which the Trinity professors and a dozen intimate friends of the hosts were present. Sir John and Lady Clarke are very charming, unaffected and interested visitors in Canada. Among those who enjoyed an hour with them were Colonel G. T. Denison, Canon Cayley, Mrs. S. H. Jones, Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Albert Ham, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Miss Playter, Dr. Armstrong Black, Mr. and the Misses MacMureh, Professor Duckworth and Mrs. James George.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout received some friends for tea at Rosedale House, who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. S. Willard, who presented himself in the evening in a new role, "The Optimist," which further illustrated his many-sided talent. As the optimist Mr. Willard was a perfect contrast to the marvelous old potter whom he delineated on the next evening. Silas Blenkarn and Lachlan MacLachlan (in the "Bonnie Briar Bush") are two old fathers whom to see is to remember, and, in Willard's case, to love.

Miss Marion Barker gave a pleasant little tea on Tuesday in honor of Miss Rebecca McWhinney, who is visiting her brother, Mr. John McWhinney. The presence of one of the clever members of Mr. Willard's company gave added interest to this pleasant little affair. Miss McWhinney went down to Montreal on Thursday on a visit to friends there. Miss Barker's guests on Tuesday were just a few of the young folks Miss McWhinney had met previously elsewhere.

The marriage of Miss Muriel Simpson and Mr. Ernest Lazier of Hamilton will be one of the June weddings which will rob Toronto of one of its prettiest girls.

A round of visits to the charitable and other institutions of the city has been a pilgrimage of bright, kindly interest on the part of the Countess of Minto this week. At each visit the Countess was received with a personal interest and pleasure not always observable in the faces of the reception committees who await the coming of grandes. The Home for Incurables in Parkdale, the Canadian Industries at the Confederation Life, the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire at Conservatory Music Hall, were visited on Monday. On Tuesday the Boys' Home and the Girls' Home, both on the East Side, had short visits from Lady Minto, and afterwards of jollification and holiday-making on her request. Roses were showered upon the charming Countess in huge sheaves, and those who know her love for flowers believed her acceptance of them with pretty words of pleasure to be all sincere. In the afternoon of Tuesday Lady Minto gave the first of a series of "teas," to which about a hundred guests seemed to have been bidden. A merry luncheon party from the Hunt Club, of which Lady Ellen Elliot was guest of honor and Mrs. Walter Barwick the hostess, came in for the Countess's first tea. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn came in a white serge gown and hat to match. Lady Clarke of Edinburgh was also at the tea, quietly gowned and very sweet and friendly. Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Mulock, who has just returned from Ottawa, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth and the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. W. and Miss Cassels, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mrs. Osler of Craighleigh and Miss Osler, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. and Miss Law, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Clineh, Mrs. George E. Foster, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. George Cox and Mrs. Ames, Mrs. James Mason and Miss Mason, Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mrs. and Miss Buchanan, Mrs. Dryden, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Lums-

den, Mrs. Charles McInnis, Mrs. and Miss Patterson, were some of the guests bidden to Tuesday's tea. Lady Minto received in a cream gown of mousseline de soie and dentelles d'Alencon, and Lady Ellen Elliot was beside her, in palest pink, with lace applique and insertions. His Excellency Major and Mrs. Maude, Captain Bell and Mr. Guise were all most charming hosts and assistants. Hundreds of fine flowers were everywhere, the tea-table being done in pink roses, while the scent of American Beauties filled the air, and airy Marguerites and glowing tulips, with fine palms, were arranged in perfection. The drawing-room with the striking "rose" paperings and the wide palm-room, radiant with May sunshine, were never in the least crowded. After dinner his Excellency and Lady Minto and suite went to the Princess Theater and occupied the two lower boxes, which were almost completely curtained from the audience by hangings of rose brocade and a handsome drape of flags. A huge bouquet of American Beauty roses tied with royal scarlet ribbons was laid on the balustrade for Lady Minto. Major and Mrs. Maude, Captain Bell and Mr. Guise were of the vice-regal party. During the performance Mr. Sheppard was presented to his Excellency, who said he enjoyed the play very much.

The "baby" of the Girls' Home, were she able to read, would share the emotions of some older folks who are unceremoniously robbed by reporters in garments they never possessed, on seeing her small form reported as garbed in "a blue pinafore with lace." That's hard on the baby, who looked quite nice in her best white frock, and was kissed by Lady Minto as she toddled up with an armful of Liberty roses to the Countess.

Captain Kaye of Stanley Barracks has left for St. John, near Montreal, and his removal has been the cause of much regret to his friends in Toronto. He will have, however, one old friend in his exile "la bas," for Colonel MacDougall is quartered at St. John and will quite sympathize with Captain Kaye in leaving Toronto, where both have so many good friends.

The engagement of Miss Edna Smith of Huron street and Mr. Edmund Taylor of Winnipeg is announced.

Among the visitors to the Horse Show was Mr. John Gilmour, now in the Bank of Toronto at Elmville. Mr. Gilmour was for some time at Copper Cliff, and was glad to meet his good friend Mrs. Coleman and Miss Kathleen at the show. Mrs. Coleman and her young daughter are, I believe, returning to Copper Cliff in a day or two.

Mr. Harold Hellmuth of Fort William was down for the Horse Show, and was with his friends in the Peters box. A pair of happy fiancés were to right and left of the entrance on Saturday—Mr. Louis Gibson and Miss Muriel Evans of Montreal, with Mrs. Arnoldi, and Mr. Jack Meredith and Miss Miriam Hellmuth with Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. J. Herbert Mason and Miss Amy Mason went up to Muskoka on Tuesday morning for a short visit. I presume Chief's Island will see the usual congenial party during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn will not go to Muskoka this summer. I believe Mr. W. D. Beardmore has leased Birch Point for the season.

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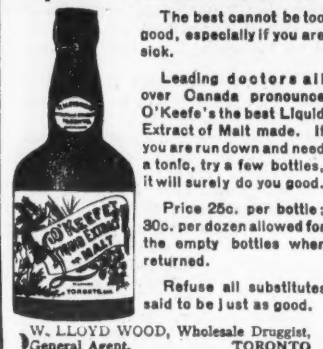
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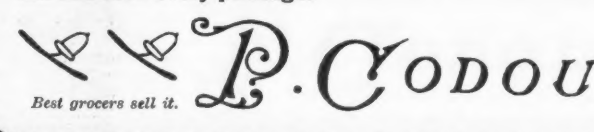
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A Perfect Disappearance.

By Talbot Smith.

THE last hope of saving Winthrop Lyle's life was gone. After a patient hearing of the case, the Governor decided that the sentence of death must stand. The clever lawyers who had fought for the criminal, regretfully accepted defeat, and authorized Lyle's friends to notify him of the end of hope. This duty fell to young Lyle, who had fought his brother's battle with courage and skill; but he quailed before the new task as if he were the executioner. So many times he had mounted the hill to the prison with hope in his heart and good cheer on his lips! And now he must ascend it once more with the fearful message that a Lyle was to die on the scaffold! He did not need to tell his story in words. Winthrop read it in his convulsed face, and simply clasped his hand with a brother's tenderness. His was the stronger soul.

"I did not expect better news," he said. "A long and gallant fight like yours against such odds rarely wins a victory. I am prepared for the end."

He lowered his voice as he continued, for they were in the death-house of the prison, and the guard stood close, to see every movement.

"You know that I am determined a Lyle of our family shall not die in disgrace like this. I have perfected a plan of escape. It will be successful, one way or another. I assure you. Before the day of execution comes I shall be far away from this place—or dead. I am not going to tell you any more about it, because success depends upon your ignorance of my movements. I want you to do one thing, and promise another. Leave ten thousand dollars with Lawyer Broome, to be given to anyone who asks for it, be he beggar, tramp, or gentleman. And promise me that if I escape, no one of my family will make the slightest effort to find me, or follow me."

"It's all right about the ten thousand," said Harry; "but I don't understand the other request. Isn't it a little hard?"

"In the shadow of the gallows," Winthrop replied, "what can be hard? I want to save myself and you from that shame. I must choose between death and what is harder to bear than death—exile, and eternal separation from my own. If I escape death by my own hand, it will be only by disappearing as completely as if the earth swallowed me. I choose to disappear, and I shall never return. Some whisper of my condition may reach you now and then, but by those who are dear to me I shall never again be seen. The necessity of so hard a lot ought to be plain to you."

"It is and it isn't," said Harry, distressed. "Can't you leave a little hope of seeing you some time in the future?"

"Out of the question. You know what a search will be made for me. I shall need the cunning of Satan to escape, and I think I have it. But the one condition of success is the ignorance of you all, the perpetual and willing ignorance as to what has become of me. I have learned one thing: that escaped prisoners are caught again because they cannot give up all connection with the past; with the people, the scenes, the memories, the habits to which they were accustomed. So they leave a little path from their hiding place to the past for clever detectives to find. Look at that bright boy watching us yonder. He is the smartest detective on the force, and his present office is to see that I do not die or escape until hanged."

"Then you are to go away for good," said Harry, with increasing gloom. "It will be the same as if you were buried."

"Just that, but minus the shame," said Winthrop, with great satisfaction. "Don't quarrel over good luck."

"I won't, but it feels like death. We must be resigned, though, and I give you my promise."

"Here, then, are your instructions. From this time on act as if the hanging were to take place one week from today. Tell mother nothing. When the news of my flight reaches you, look upon me as dead and buried in Newton churchyard. In fact, it won't help you to act otherwise. My plan of escape excludes you all. If it did not, or if through weakness I let you share in the secret, I might as well die at once. Good-by!"

Winthrop was in good spirits at the close of the visit, and kept himself in the same mood for the next few days, in spite of the trying scenes of farewell with his friends and relatives. Young Detective Lord watched him in great uneasiness, for his reputation depended upon the hanging of this clever scion of a famous family. He could not rid himself of a presentiment that the execution would never take place, no matter what care the authorities might exercise. In the history of criminal trials none had given so much trouble as Lyle's to get a conviction. The case had not only been tried in the courts and the newspapers, it had also a private hearing in judicial and executive chambers. The Lyle family, wealthy and powerful, was bent on preventing by any means the disgrace of the scaffold. It was a great triumph for justice when influence, intrigue, corruption, and the skill of the lawyers came to naught in court and elsewhere. Even public opinion, won to sympathy by the brilliant struggle which Lyle made for his life, by his talent, his spirit, his beauty of face and manner, his steady and solemn declarations of innocence, was resisted and overcome by the officers of justice. Detective Lord had followed the struggle in its secret details, and was convinced that Lyle would never be hanged. So he promptly declined the chief's appointment to become responsible for the execution. In the end, he was persuaded to accept. He could easily hear the failure sure to attend this duty, but suspicion of bribery was a different thing. It was sure to fall upon him, as it had fallen on every official connected with the stubborn criminal.

The care taken to prevent a prisoner under sentence of death from escape or suicide is very thorough in first-class prisons, but it reminds one of the care taken by railroad corporations to prevent accidents. No matter how perfect

the system, it depends on men for success; and engineers will drink, switchmen fall asleep, telegraph operators miss the right word, and brakemen fail to swing a warning lantern. Winthrop Lyle, counting more on the weakness of human nature than on the strength of his own, escaped by the simple process of overpowering the deathwatch, locking him up in a cell, and walking out of the prison by a path which cost four thousand dollars to make. Lyle computed that if the road, two feet wide and three hundred long, were carpeted with one dollar bills, it would take four thousand of them to cover the space. Therefore he offered the deathwatch that sum for luck, and so left the great prison for ever. Every one remembers the stir created by his disappearance. The officials, mad with rage and shame, really exhausted the means at their command to find the criminal. Lord, dismissed in disgrace, as public opinion demanded, threatened the chief with a suit for damages. He regained his place, which meant nothing, for he was left in idleness and obscurity. Nor would he consent to that punishment. The chief finally appointed him to a place in the pursuit of Lyle, on condition that it remained a secret, and that his abstention from interference with the regular plan of pursuit be absolute.

The plan came to naught within a year. Lord held on six months longer, studying with infinite patience clues, actual and theoretic, that promised something. Lyle had vanished into thin air. Had he dissolved into elementary gases at the prison gates, he could not have left less trace of his path into the world. Not one clue ever led to any result, not even to a decent theory of his escape. Lord continued the pursuit out of pure fascination for a mystery which overtaxed his powers, and took the edge off his natural shrewdness. After resigning, and going into an orchestra as first violin—for faith in his abilities finally deserted him—this fascination accompanied him, and proved a great bore to his friends from the endless speculations it led him to indulge. Over his mind loomed a fine photograph of Winthrop Lyle, and the slim, hard figure, the pale, thin, high-bred face, the severe expression and dark eyes had a prominent place in his sleeping and waking dreams. In the end, no one took any interest in his cherished mystery, save the boy who played the cello in the orchestra.

It was always a great relief to Lord to turn from constant brooding on the tints of Lyle's picture, to the society of the young musician; for Wilhelm Ganz was a soft-boned, easy-going German, slow in speech and movement, given to beer and laughter, fond of his wife, baby and cello, and fonder of the Lyle problem than Lord himself.

When the boarding-house, the day-dreams and the world grew wearisome, the detective went over to his friend's house, and spent a Sunday evening in the Ganz parlor. It was a cosy home, and its owners, its pictures, its very furniture, spoke of ease and comfort. Wilhelm was fair-skinned, fat and jolly, and loved to sit with his baby or his cello at his left hand, a mug of Bavarian beer at his right. His wife and child were plump and rosy, and even the gray professor father, with his habits of study and solemn expression, had a fat and contented air about him. Not having been long in the country, they spoke English with a gentle accent. German pictures hung on the wall, and German colors were everywhere. Frau Ganz could not abide American cooking, and her table was ever dressed out with the seasoned dishes of the Fatherland. When they sang songs or indulged in old memories, the little village near Munich was the theme. The one promise to baby to induce him to be good was a visit to Munich when he had come to be a man. Among these simple people Lord might talk his hobby to death, and be listened to with reverence.

"It's so nice to have a clever detective speak by the hour of a great murderer and villain," Frau Ganz said to her neighbors. The professor did not pay much attention, while Wilhelm was a tireless listener, and had many speculations on the plan of escape used by Lyle.

"No doubt he is dead," said Wilhelm one day. The remark brought out a new fact.

"Why do you think so?" Lord asked.

"He could not have fooled the best detectives in the land, and so many of them. He died, probably by his own hand, and his relatives buried him secretly, so that there might be no more scandal over the poor devil."

"But I know that he was not dead a year and three months after his flight," said Lord. "I read a note sent by him to his mother. It said: 'The man who fled is well and happy, but too far to go to you or to be reached by message. Be content.' You see, I watched the house of his mother, and read their letters, their newspapers, everything to get a clue. So he was alive. But where?"

"Wonderful," said Wilhelm. "Could you not track that note to its writer?"

Lord threw up his hands in disgust.

"The letter was postmarked New York, the paper was American. It had been written by a friend, who had received the message, probably by cable, to transmit to the mother. I looked up the matter, but, of course, it was only waste of time."

"I have a theory," began Wilhelm, slowly.

"What? Another?" The detective laughed, and the professor glanced irritably at his son.

"A new one, sure," said Wilhelm, placidly. "Some time, when I have fitted the joints, I will tell you how that Lyle escaped. He was no ordinary man, and when he disappeared, it was forever. It is an art to disappear well, and he must have been skilled in the art. I know its rules, and the principles on which these rules are based. It is curious and interesting, this art."

"Rules! Art! What rot is this?" cried Lord. "If there were rules, and art, or any other rubbish, would not we professionals know it all?"

"That's usually the trouble with us professionals," said Wilhelm; "we know it all."

"But the art! Come, tell us about it, since it is so very important," said Frau Ganz, the professor, and the detective, together; but Wilhelm declined to make any explanations until he was fully prepared to withstand the assault of criticism.

Lord felt curious about this matter, knowing that Ganz would make a clear, forcible statement of his theories. For he had studied logic and rhetoric at Innsbruck, and could put a case, in which he was interested, very strongly.

Lord had grown most impatient long before Wilhelm was ready to make an exposition of the art of disappearing.

There is such an art, he began, one Sunday evening, and your man Lyle was skilled in it. It would be a treat to hear him discourse on it."

"Wouldn't it, now," said Lord, with scorn. "Especially if, while listening, one had the reward of capturing him in his inside pocket. But that will never be."

"Probably not," said Wilhelm, "unless he gets tired of hiding. You know, I always took an interest in the poor fellow. I seem to know him as well as you, so often have you described his words and ways. He was a genuine American in blood, training, appearance, cleverness. Old family, high spirit, and all that. Harvard graduate, stylish in dress, good figure; rather thin than plump; brown hair; green eyes, pale, thin face; quick in movement, speech and thought. Then he was inventive, fond of mathematics, also of pleasure; but cared nothing for music, or wine, or books. And he learned enough of drugs to poison his wife too cleverly."

"How could he have been so hard and cruel?" said Frau Ganz, with a sigh.

"I don't believe he did it," said Wilhelm, softly. "His lawyers, the great public, his relatives, and many good people believed him innocent. Lord says he got at awful thrashing, and the more they thrashed the less certain some were of his guilt, while others were more certain."

"But the art, the art!" cried the impatient detective.

"Ah, yes, the art, to be sure. Well, first, have I described Lyle accurately? I might say he was just the opposite of myself in most things."

"Two young men," answered Lord, "couldn't be, and look, less alike."

Wilhelm smiled.

"I arrived in this country about the time he escaped from jail. I could read English then, and I remember, the newspapers were full of him. But, until I met you, the case did not interest me. To begin: Every art has a principle and a method. To practice the art well, one must know the principle, and be exact in following the method. The principle of the art of disappearing is simple: Cut yourself off from the past as completely as if you had been drowned in mid-ocean. The method depends upon that principle, and, for each case, varies only in trifling circumstances."

"Is that all?" Lord growled. "Why, that's what they all do, and most of them are caught as easy as rats with traps and cheese."

"That's what they all do," echoed Wilhelm, in a lofty tone. "Are you sure of that? Did Lyle bite at your cheese? Let me show you what the principle forces a man to do, when it is successfully carried out. You think it means running away to Brazil or Persia, in a wig and blue spectacles, as they do in a play. No. The man who disappears according to this principle, must escape, not only from his pursuers, but from his friends, and, above all, from himself. There's the first and the second rule in the method."

"I don't quite understand," said Lord.

"Why should you?" said Wilhelm, in triumph. "Had you understood long ago, you would have given up the chase of Lyle the moment you knew what he had done. What is a body floating in the sea to the friends and relatives of him who once owned it? Nothing. It is no shape or mark to make it known to the owner. It is completely changed in essential details. It is lost. It cannot be reached for burial. So must it be with the criminal who flies from relentless pursuit of the law, and who can never return, with safety, to his old life. He must change his country, never meet old friends again, get a new language, a new trade, a new place in society, a new set of parents and relatives, a new past, a new habit of body, a new appearance. He must think, speak, walk, sleep, eat and drink differently from in past days; he must change the color of hair, skin, eyes; in fact, he must become another man as really as if he had changed natures with a particular person."

"Der goudry is safe," said the professor, with a huge laugh, "and so is der brotation of detective. Who could bragise dose rules! Und if dey gould,

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A number of young women attending a teachers' convention at Oklahoma City some time ago learned a valuable lesson in hygiene through a sister teacher, who says: "About a year ago I had my first attack of poor health, and it seemed a terrible thing to me, for I had always been so well and strong. My stomach distressed me terribly; it seemed like it was raw, especially after breakfast, and it would burn and hurt me so I could not rest. I was soon convinced that it was caused by coffee drinking, and at the request of a friend I gave up coffee and began to use Postum Coffee. The change in my condition was something marvelous. I had actually given up teaching because doctors were unable to help my stomach trouble, but since I quit coffee and used Postum my troubles have disappeared, and I have gone to teaching again."

"Some time ago I attended a convention at Oklahoma City and determined to have Postum at my boarding-house where there were eight other teachers, four of them suffering from coffee sickness. My landlady did not make the Postum right, but I showed her how and we all found it delicious. We all drank it the rest of the time we were there, and the young ladies in question felt much better and declared that their heads were much clearer for study and their general health much improved. I have their names if you care for them." Names furnished by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

what use would be detectives?"

"It makes fine talk," said Lord. "All very well if such things could be done. As they can't, your theory isn't worth a straw. It's impossible."

Wilhelm opened an album, and pointed out two photographs to his friend—one a slender, smooth-faced college boy, in uniform; the other, a bearded, dark-skinned, rudely-dressed man, strong-limbed, resolute and experienced as the boy was timid and green.

"Here is the same person," said he, "with only two years between the photographs."

"Drue," said the professor. "Das is me, a student at Bonn, und me again egshloring Africa."

Lord stared and muttered.

"If two years of accidental training can do so much," said Wilhelm, "what would not two years of intelligent work accomplish, by such a man as Lyle, in his strange position, forced to disappear or die? If he adhered faithfully to the principle and the method, I tell you, he would not know himself at the end of two years; he would be so changed that people would take him for a lunatic should he claim his old personality. Just as if I were to rush to the police tomorrow, and cry out, 'Arrest me, I am Winthrop Lyle.' What would happen, if for a week I were taken seriously? My father, wife, relatives, friends, neighbors, would hasten to claim me, to identify me, to describe my home in Bavaria, my school days, courtship, marriage, even the orchestra. The Lyles would come to visit, and deny me. The detectives and reporters would laugh at me, and, at last, I might find my proper place in an asylum. Yet the man who



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disappears, according to the rules of the art, would be so provided with a new and secure place in society that he could no more assert his old self than I could claim to be Winthrop Lyle."

Lord still studied the photographs with interest.

"I begin to understand you," he said. "There is more sense in your art than I thought. You believe, then, that Lyle disappeared in this wonderful way. How do you think he did it?"

"That's another story," Wilhelm replied as he finished his beer. "Everyone uses the same method, of course, but the details are different. I am satisfied that you see the truth of the principle, and how simple and deep it is. If I get any ideas on Lyle's particular way of doing the change act, I shall tell you."

"I want to hear them," said Lord.

"It's a new deep into that cursed mystery, which puzzles me more the more I study it."

When he was leaving the house an hour later, the old professor met him on the street, with an anxious face. "Dot Lyle myzderly," said he, in his ponderous accent, "dhroubles Wilhelm doo much, und it would please me greatly if you would bring him to another subject soon and quick, since it is not to any man safe and profitable to dwell too long on those human myzderies of crime, neder to be found out, specially ven he hes a vife and child, upon him alone depending vor subort. You are Wilhelm's goot friend, und I speak to you as such."

"Gad, I noticed it myself," said Lord, "particularly when he shouted, 'Arrest me, I am Winthrop Lyle.' He made me

think of Lyle himself then, I tell you. But you are right, professor, to warn me. I've seen these theories get hold of men and land them in the asylum. So, just as soon as Wilhelm works off his thoughts on Lyle's escape, I'll never mention the infernal thing again. We'll talk about Africa and Greenland. The case has me nearly crazy. But, that's a wonderful theory of Wilhelm's, all the same, if it could only be carried out."

"If it only could," roared the professor, as he went in.

A few nights later Wilhelm was ready to apply his theory to the escape of Winthrop Lyle, but he had lost some of his interest in the matter, and his round face, a trifle flushed with beer, beamed too comfortably for mental activity.

"It is a great pity," he began, "that a sound and rational theory does not always fit well into ordinary life. There is sure to be one hitch or another. I have had trouble explaining Lyle's dis-

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appearance, according to the rules of the art. But you must not laugh at me. I firmly believe that this unfortunate man, who left no tracks in the road he traveled, escaped by means of the principle and method I have described. No other theory fits the case. When it became certain that either escape or suicide was his one refuge from the gallows, he made arrangements with his friends to bribe the prison guards, that he might get easily to the city. You told me that yourself. But, he also made arrangements for a final separation from his friends. Knowing that successful flight depended on a strict adherence to the rules of disappearing, he must have ordered his relatives to make no search for him, to look upon him as dead. Needing money to carry out his plans, he had them place a good sum where he could get it without trouble. When all was ready he slipped away after midnight, took the first train to the city, and went straight to the old man and woman with whom he intended to take refuge.

"In the reports of his trial, it came out that he had done charitable work on the East Side, among the Germans, Poles and Bohemians. I assume that he had there made the acquaintance of the persons needed for his purpose, a respectable German couple, let us say, needy, faithful, ignorant of his past, under obligations to him, and ready to do any honest thing that would secure comfort for their old age. I know a score such that would be glad to accept the propositions made by Lyle to Herr Schneider and his wife—let Schneider be their name. He offered to pay them a good sum down, and so much a month while they lived, to be adopted as their son Frank, just returned from California, sick almost to death. They accepted. Frank Schneider went to bed at once as a sick man, and was not seen again on the streets of New York for three months. The neighbors got no glimpse of him for a month, but his mother went about all that time telling her cronies and friends of her son's return, keeping them informed of his progress to health, letting them peep into his bedroom, and promising her maiden friends her influence in coaxing Frank to marry one of them within the year.

"You can imagine what Lyle was doing during this month of sickness. He was recovering from the strain of trial and prison, learning the German language as the Schneiders spoke it, getting used to a German diet, making himself familiar with Bavaria, with the native village, the relatives and friends of his new parents, and in general fitting himself for the part he had to play. Moreover, he was doing his best to get fat, to get the rough bloom of a beer-drinker, and to bleach dark hair, eyebrows, and beard to yellow. When at the end of a month he could sit up and receive visitors, his German was passable, and his appearance sufficiently rude to suit his surroundings. When he appeared on the street he had become easy-going Frank Schneider in earnest, and every soul in the ward was willing to swear he was Schneider's son. His mother's countrywomen had known him as a boy, and could now see in him proper resemblances to his parents! By that time he spoke German well, and English not at all. He was fat, and roughly dressed. His hair was like mine, he wore glasses, his walk was lazy, his manners bad. He read no English books, he ate only as do the Bavarians, and a German neighbor taught him to write in a queer hand, which Frank Schneider made his own. Three months so changed him in appearance and fact that he forgot, except in sleep, or when alone, that he had ever been Winthrop Lyle. Then he ventured out on the streets of the city, went to theaters and balls, got a job as a bartender in a German saloon, and kept it a month until he knew the ways and the customers of such a place.

"He thought it was time, then, to get out of the country. So his father and mother announced to the neighbors their intention to visit their native land for three months, and also to stay there for good if they liked it. Being poor, they took a steamer passage in the big steamer, and Frank went with them, getting aboard under the very noses of the detectives, who still watched for him. In their native village the Schneiders made quite an impression, and their son was thought to have a good memory and a great love for the country of his childhood. No doubt, Lyle put all that he had learned from his parents to the test during his stay in Hofberg. The Bavarians said, with delight: 'He speaks German as if he had never been in America!' He told them stories of his childhood, in which he had been the hero, described well-known scenes, asked after relatives who were dead, and mentioned some of their peculiarities. Probably not even a Bavarian detective could have pierced through his disguise after a three months' stay in Hofberg, where he taught the innkeepers to mix drinks in the American style. Everyone said he was truly a native and a credit, and should not think of returning to America. This

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"Well, I began to improve, and now while on my third package I have changed so my friends congratulate me warmly, ask me what in the world I have taken, etc., etc. My cheeks are plump and rosy, and I feel so strong and well. I sleep sound, and it seems as though I couldn't get enough to eat. Thank you sincerely for making Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.
There's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

must have been his own intention at first, and he knew that he was violating a chief rule of the art of disappearing by not changing country as well as personality. However, the East Side is not so far from Europe, and he concluded that on the East Side he would live and die. So the Schneiders returned to their old quarters, and Frank went back to his old bartending with a fine stock of stories from the Fatherland, and a big ditch between him and the past, which lived only in his memory.

"He spoke English now with a German accent, which came to his lips without effort. He enjoyed his new life. It was pleasant in itself, and like heaven, when compared with the prison, the gallows, the grave, and the awful shame. After six months of study and practice in his new character, he had no longer to remind himself constantly of the part he was playing. It had become his nature. He kept out all thought of Winthrop Lyle, trying to think of him and his story as one thinks of a character in a novel. Finally, he chose a good girl to be his wife, a girl from the village of Hofberg. She was pretty and sensible, and loved him, though she felt it lowered her to marry a bartender. That amused him very much, but it fell in with his plans, and they were married. That's the end of my theories.

"Eight months from the date of his escape he had become another man. You can see what the art of disappearing did for him in that time; what must it not have added in the sixteen months that have since fled? No doubt, he has prospered in business, and now owns a beer garden or a brewery. In his dreams, and in the quiet moments before sleep, he was in the habit of recalling the past, the scenes of the trial, the long days in prison. But marriage and success must have done away with that. When he got into politics, and had a crowd of clients to distract him every day, his past must have disappeared, even from his dreams. Father and mother, brothers and sisters—

"Even the murdered wife," whispered Frank Ganz.
"He never murdered her," said Wilhelm, in the same tone. "All may have vanished in the commonplace routine of his life. He has probably observed every rule of the art but two. You say he sent word to his parents of his safety and happiness. That was an error, but without consequences. A second error is his stay in his native country; that may be as harmless as the first. It would not avail him now to reveal his identity. He would be denied by the Lyles, and in confinement by his friends. Probably he has met and exchanged kindly words with you, Lord, and his persecutors. I have no doubt, when he thinks of his triumph over you, he feels like saying, 'I am Winthrop Lyle,' and defying you to track him even then. Is it not possible? Could you find him in the person I have described to you? Is he not hidden as securely as if he were dead?"

"Not a doubt of it," said Lord, promptly. "If he followed your plan he is safe from friend and enemy, and safe from himself."

Wilhelm and his father exchanged glances.

"But, great heavens!" cried the detective, "what suffering that poor devil must have endured to wipe himself off the face of the earth in that way!"

"It would kill me, I think," said Wilhelm, taking his baby from the cradle to kiss him good-night. "If I had to leave these, and turn myself into another being, as Lyle did, what sorrow and pain I would have to endure! As for Lyle, I think you are right in saying that one of his spirit must have suffered fiercely."

Frau Ganz took her baby to his crib in the back room, and left the men to themselves. Lord looked uneasily at Wilhelm, for the last words had come out wildly, he had grown pale from emotion, and had risen to pace the room. The professor shook his head at his son, and shrugged his shoulders for Lord.

"Fiercely, I repeat," continued Wilhelm. "Nature objects with all its strength to change so sudden and violent. And this poor fellow, with his iron will, went through horrible anguish in rescuing his name from disgrace by obliterating himself after all the horrid suffering of trial, struggle and death-watch! But still, and he sat down, as if soothed by the thought, 'it was a triumph, a compensation to have achieved the defeat of my persecutors, even though he committed two errors!'"

"And he will at a third at this moment," Lord, look at me, and mark well what I say, for it is the truth, I am Winthrop Lyle!"

The detective put on his hat, gayly, and started for the door, saying, with ready wit, as he stood on the threshold, "I'll pay your theory the compliment of not believing you. Good-night."

He rushed home, full of regret and bitterness at this unexpected result of airing his hobby too freely.

"If that boy goes crazy," he said, "and he's half crazy now, I'll never forgive myself. Anyway, this is a warning to me. I want to keep my senses, so to me, I want my must go overboard."

And he hung photographs, papers and clews bearing on the criminal's disappearance into the fire. The professor and his son sat silent for a few minutes after Lord's departure. The old man was afraid to speak, and Wilhelm seemed dead in thought.

"Well, what do you think of the test?" said the son, in a low tone. "Will it ever be possible for anyone to recognize in Ganz, the 'cello player, Winthrop Lyle, the condemned murderer?"

"You have proved it impossible," said the professor, "but, great heaven, what a risk to run!"

"It is the first and last, father. I could not resist this supreme chance to test my own success. And what a triumph! Good-night."—Ainslee's.

Their Great Sorrow.

"I am so worried about baby," says the fond young mother to the proud young father. "What's the matter? He isn't sick, is he?" asked the husband, with some natural alarm showing itself on his countenance. "No, but he is beginning to talk, and—" "And what? Does he have an impediment in his speech?" "No. Worse than that. He says things that don't sound any more sensible than the choruses to the popular songs!" That night, with strained, tearless eyes, a man and woman sat by a little crib, wondering why this great sorrow should come upon them.—Chicago Tribune.

Curious Bits of News.

"Bill" Porter, a Maryville fireman, has a dog which has adopted a wolf, says the Kansas City "Journal." Three young wolves which were found on a farm near Ravenwood were placed with her own pups, and she immediately accepted them as members of her family, and began treating them in the most motherly fashion. Two of the wolves have been stolen, but the dog is still caring for the third.

A sensational trial at Moscow has resulted in Judge Vladimir de Hatzuk being condemned to serve for three years as a common soldier for burglary and arson. Needing money, he had broken into a neighbor's house, and, with the skill of an expert burglar, had forced open the safe. After taking away money enough to meet immediate requirements, he concluded by setting fire to the house. As the judge is a nobleman, the sentence must be sanctioned by the Czar before it can be enforced.

The only direct descendant of Robert Burns is a clerk in a Chicago shipping office. He is Robert Burns Hutchinson, and his descent from the poet is unquestioned. His mother, Sarah Burns, was a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the third son of Robert Burns and Jean Armour. Mr. Hutchinson will be forty-eight this year. He was born at Cheltenham, but crossed the water in 1891, when he married Miss Mabel Burnard. Their little daughter, Dorothea Burns Hutchinson, is the next in the straight line from the poet.

A 91 days' fast has been accomplished in India by a religious mendicant. The only nourishment taken was the sour whey of curdled milk, which the Jain was strong enough to procure for himself during the fast, although on the last day his veins were swollen, and he could only speak with effort. Throughout his life the man has been accustomed to stern asceticism, living only on bread, yellow rice, and this whey, and last year he abstained for 80 days. He has a large number of followers, but, unlike most Hindu devotees, receives neither fees nor presents.

Some fifteen years ago a Virginia gentleman purchased in Alexandria, Egypt, from a native who had found it in the wall of a building broken during a conflagration, what appeared to be a mass of corroded copper weighing twenty pounds. It was kept as a hearth ornament, until recently it was found to consist of about 500 Roman coins, struck in the days of the early Caesars. Professor Huntington of the University of Virginia finds that the coins contain one part of silver to four of copper, but when dipped in acid a part of the copper disappears, leaving a silvery surface, which "wears" as a white metal. He believes the coins passed for silver. The mass had become encrusted with a double skin of malachite and of red oxide of copper, and remarkable changes had gone on within, although the lettering and the dates remained legible.

The quaint annual ceremony, centuries old, in honor of the "Biddenden maids" took place recently, according to the London "Chronicle," in that quiet Kentish village, which for once was crowded with visitors on foot, on bicycles, and in motor cars. The "maids" were born together in the year 1100, and were joined together at the hips and at the shoulders. Thus they lived for thirty-four years, and then died together. They were noted for their charity, and by their will they left a piece of land, which has since increased beyond its original value of forty guineas a year, to provide on a certain day bread and cheese for the poor and cakes for strangers who come to the parish. On this day a huge crowd of strangers gathered to see two hundred leaves and two hundred pounds of cheese handed by the churchwardens from a window in the old workhouse, and struggled or bargained afterward for the cakes stamped with a picture of the "maids."

Phenomenal Heroism!

(An Historical Fragment.)
(Under the heading "Fashionable Lady's Daring Innovation," a daily paper recently described, in half a column of wonderment, the apparition in the West End on the previous afternoon of a bonnet of dark green straws tied in a double bow slightly to the left of the chin of a lady most neatly and elegantly dressed, and still obviously and undeniably young; to a cluster of spring flowers adorning the "confection.")

THE Kalends of April, Anno Domini Nineteen Hundred and Three, was an epoch-making date in the history of the British Empire.

At half-past three o'clock on that afternoon a rumor spread like wildfire from end to end of the metropolis to the effect that a strange and startling spectacle of a feminine nature was to be observed in Bond Street.

In a few minutes the Tube and suburban lines were blocked with streams of hurrying and perspiring gunnysack-carrying hordes of men and women, and the above-mentioned focus of fashion; extra drafts of police were hastily telephoned for from outlying districts; and by four o'clock the crush was so immense in this particular quarter that all traffic and circulation was impossible.

Things began to look ugly, and the crowd was getting out of hand, when the new Commissioner of Police, Mr. E. Richard Henry, thought it advisable to summon the military. Six Army Corps promptly arrived in as many motors, with Mr. Brodick at their head.

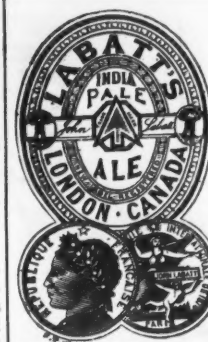
By degrees a lane was made to the center of attraction, after the Riot Act had been read and a volley of blank charge fired.

The cause of the disturbance was then ascertained and located by a picked body, numbering some hundreds, of interviewers and photographers, and led by Mr. Punch's own special representative at the seat of war.

It was a bustle of the early eighties worn (slightly on the right) by a prepossessing and very self-possessed young lady of some twenty springs.

Such a heroine had not been seen since the days of Grace Darling, and special editions were issued until late at night.

All fashiondom had been rocked to its foundation. Dressmakers were agast at the audacity of the incident, while their clients, who had just purchased



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W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

what they supposed to be latest costumes, were in despair.
Further details must be looked for elsewhere, as Mr. Punch's young man fainted with emotion on being present at such a portentous scene.—"Punch."

Motor-Intoxication.

THE crusaders against intoxicants should turn some of their energy against motorists, observes the Paris correspondent of "Truth."

We begin to find out that motor-driving produces an intoxication that may be attended with greater loss of life than the combative violence of inebriates. M. Hachet Souplet, at the last meeting of the Société d'Hygiène et de Psychologie, spoke of the intoxicating effect of rapid motor locomotion. The mental and moral state of the driver become abnormal. He grows vindictive, furiously aggressive, and lets himself be carried away by the angry impulse of the moment. The high rate of speed works him up into the very same state of mind which makes the habitual drinker of alcohol regardless of consequences. Both abuse, swear, and use vile language. La bête est lâchée as much in the motorist whose pace is checked as in the drunkard in a combative mood. M. Hachet Souplet quoted a number of instances from police reports of trials of automobilists in which self-control and the sense of dignity entirely deserted gentlemen of high education and breeding. Dr. Berillon, an eminent man, corroborated everything M. Hachet Souplet had said. He called attention to the conduct of motorists when arrested for excessive speed. In communications received from police commissioners, they were uniformly spoken of as forgetful of all the restraints their social station required, and in a state of dementia. According to Dr. Berillon, they became as mad under the effect of the onward rush of the motor-car as the dancing dervishes or the Arabs in a fantasia. A human life appears of no account to a motorist going at high speed, to the dervish warmed by a dance, or to the Arab in the intoxication of a fantasia. Dr. Berillon knows a motorist who ran over a peasant and rushed on after he did so as furiously as before. He returned home in the state of depression that follows a long rush forward at the pace of an express train, and never gave a thought to his victim on the road until he read three days after how he had killed him. He then felt very sorry, declared himself guilty of the death of the peasant, and settled an annuity on his family. Dr. Berillon, after investigating into a large number of police cases against chauffeurs, believes they cannot help their reckless driving. The furor steals on them. In setting out they intend to go at a moderate pace, but as they warm to the work they must rush on faster and faster. The flying landscape through which they tear forward produces the kind of giddiness which Arabs say takes hold of them in the fantasia. In this state motorists would run down those nearest and dearest to them as unhesitatingly as though they were so many peasants. M. Berillon thinks that the only cure is to make the manufacturers of motors jointly responsible for the bones broken or lives taken by purchasers of their cars. Machinery would then be so contrived as to render a high rate of speed impossible.

Ethel—How do you think the bride looked? Grace—Oh, remarkably well-groomed.—"Harvard Lampoon."

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The Drama

Mr. E. S. Willard, as one of the most finished contemporary exponents of his art, is always effusively welcomed by the Toronto public. But on this occasion, when it is felt that his visit is indeed in the nature of a farewell, there is manifest an anxiety to extract the ultimate drop of pleasure from the superb entertainments he provides, and to linger on the least delight of his exquisite histrionism ere he departs. The audience at the Princess Theater could scarce have been larger. More sympathetic, not to say enthusiastic, they certainly could not have been.



Mr. E. S. Willard.

Willard is not the only actor in the world. But for the time being the others are forgotten. The spell of his voice, his presence, his art is over all, and to the theatergoers of Toronto the pleasures of this last week of Willard must obscure in some measure the charm of all that follows ere the theaters close their doors. Mr. Willard on Monday evening gave his sole performance here of his new comedy, "The Optimist," which is Mr. Louis N. Parker's translation (and adaptation) of "La Châtelaine," by Alfred Capus, a French dramatist already known to Toronto people through the medium of "The Two Schools." "The Optimist," though it will scarcely take rank alongside the older and more famous plays of Mr. Willard's repertoire, is a delightful little satire on French society and on certain human types that are neither French nor English, but universal, and as easily recognizable here in Toronto as they would be in Paris or Marseilles. The play is strong in characterization, in psychology. It is weak and unconvincing in action. Only the adequate and invincible art of Mr. Willard and the strong, versatile work of a remarkably competent, cultured company, redeem it from boredom. Mr. Willard's own role, as Andre Jossan, the profligate who has redeemed his wasted life by hard work and a cheerful mind, and who is truly an optimist, is a part that is bound to please, even if it does not profit, the ordinary theatergoer. Cheery philanthropy is always a popular note. In "The Optimist," together with a good deal of genuine comedy, there is just the right admixture of the melodramatic. On the whole this new play must be pronounced a pleasing if not powerful addition to Mr. Willard's already varied range of dramas, and it is rather to be regretted, when so many desired to see him in a new piece, that he could not have seen his way to give it a second performance in Toronto.

In addition to "The Optimist," Mr. Willard has presented "The Middleman," "The Professor's Love Story," "The Cardinal," "David Garrick" and "Tom Pinch," all old standbys of his and pronounced favorites with the local public.

From a literary standpoint the most interesting event in the theaters this week has been the first production in this city of Tolstoy's "The Resurrection," given at the Grand by the same company that recently presented "Lord Strathmore." "The Resurrection" is a sombre and depressing picture of social conditions in Russia, drawn with all the boldness and realism for which Count Tolstoy is famous. In brief it is the story of an innocent peasant girl wronged by a nobleman and cast adrift by him, falling into low and yet lower strata of society, but eventually saved from moral ruin by her love for her child, and saving others about her, including the perfidious author of her misfortunes. The play is divided into four acts. The first of these is supposed to symbolize Life, the middle two Death and the final act Resurrection—that is to say, moral resurrection. I do not think, from my recollection of the summaries published of the play in which Blanche Walsh has made such a stir in New York, that this can be the same version. The play given at the Grand is credited to Alexander G. Frank and is merely "found on" Tolstoy's novel. But in any event it is a most moving and impressive exhibition of much that is bad, together with a little of what is good in human nature. That the good eventually triumphs over the evil, not in any miraculous way, but through the operation of natural processes, is the redeeming feature of a drama that in its main outlines is unpleasant, morbid, and disturbing. The company is, on the whole, a well-balanced and satisfactory organization, and no fault can be found with the way the piece is staged. All in all, "The Resurrection" as performed at the Grand is a piece that no student of the drama would care to miss.

Fra Diavolo, the debonair gentleman highway robber, fascinates the audiences at Shea's this week with his charming wickedness and gallant end. His "two unworthy satellites" provide amusement and jollity for the opera, though at the end, when one of them, the more slovenly and unkempt of the two, by a simple bit of acting reveals an unexpected phase of the vagabond's character, a feeling more akin to sorrowful admiration is aroused. The opera is an old favorite with Toronto, and is ably presented by the Aborn Opera Company. Mr. Hubert Wilke plays the leading role of Fra Diavolo, and Miss Laura Millard that of Zerlina the innkeeper's daughter. LANCE.

As the last big musical show of an unusually prosperous and satisfactory season, Manager Sheppard will bring to the Princess next week the Marguerita Sylva Opera Company, in the distinctly successful musical play, "The Strollers." On the occasion of its visit here last season, "The Strollers" was received with decided favor, not only on account of the genuine humor and brilliancy of the book, but for the further reason that it contained more "whistleable" musical numbers than any work of the sort heard here in years. The addition of Miss Sylva to the cast lends it decided distinction, for perhaps no woman heard here combines the essentials of a musical comedy prima donna's equipment to a more marked degree. Miss Sylva is not only a beautiful woman, but possesses a vocal organ of unusual power and sweetness. As Bertha, the Gypsy stroller, she should give a delightful performance. Other prominent members of the large organization are George C. Boniface, Jr., Neil McNeil, David Torrence, Gilbert Gregory, Dorothy Hunting, Carolyn Huestis, Anna MacNabb and Mae Bouton. A production most elaborate and pictur-



THE STRIKE SITUATION.

Toronto and Montreal can sympathize for once.

esque is promised, and the chorus is said to contain some exceptionally beautiful women. There are to be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Al Field's Minstrels will be the big attraction at the Grand next week, and after that the well-known romantic actor, Robert B. Mantell, is due to arrive for a season in repertoire.

Another Victor Herbert success, "The Wizard of the Nile," will be the offering by the Aborn Opera Company at Shea's Theater next week. Another special cast of principals will interpret the important roles, some of whom will be seen in the parts which they played with the original presentation of this popular opera. Notable among these are Miss Agnes Paul, Mr. Frederick Knights and Mr. William Schuster. Miss Paul created the part of Ahydos, the boy assistant of the "Wizard," with the original production of the piece, with Frank Daniels. Mr. Schuster will be seen in the droll comedy part of Cheops, the ill-fated "Royal Weather Prophet," which he played with the Daniels company, and Mr. Knights, the handsome young lyric tenor, will sing the romantic role of Ptarmigan, which he also portrayed in the first cast. Mr. John Henderson, said to be a clever comedian, will assume the principal comedy role of Kibosh, the "wizard." Mr. Henderson has already won considerable success in this part, having been starred in "The Wizard of the Nile" the past season. Miss Christine Hudson, prima donna of "The Princess Chic" last season, will enact the captivating Cleopatra. Miss Bernice Holmes, formerly of the Castle Square Opera Company, will assume the role of Simoona, a sort of a "new woman" queen, showing that this particular style of femininity existed as early as the days of the ancient Egyptians, while her bespeckled husband, Ptolemy, the King, will be personified in Mr. Herman Hirschberg. The entire production of scenery and costumes used in the Frank Daniels presentation will be utilized in mounting the opera at Shea's next week.

Hearts and Faces.

Can you judge by a smile who is gay,
Nor once be misled by a token?
I know that I laughed aloud one day,
From a heart that was almost broken.

But my laughter rang false, do you say?
Or tears followed very soon after?
You are wrong; for I wept not that day,
And my laugh was the merriest laughter.

That my grief was not deep, you maintain.
Since I found it so easy to cover;
But I tell you I writhed with the pain,
And one writhes not when anguish is over.

For my own part I scarcely believe
That sighing can only mean sadness;
And I wholly misdoth, you perceive,
That laughter must always prove gladness.

Are you sure it is grief when a tear starts?
Can you trust smiles of mirth in all places?
If aught can be false than human hearts,
It must surely be human faces!

—By Rudyard Kipling's mother.

Let the Universities Be for All.

IN both the "News" and the "Globe" editorial articles have recently appeared discussing the subject of university matriculation, and in both cases the drift of the argument seems to be in favor of making the entrance requirements stiffer and at the same time abolishing special courses of study, in which it has hitherto been possible for students to engage without submitting themselves to the matriculation test. I do not assert that this is the object aimed at, but certainly the learned individuals who assume to discuss collegiate questions editorially in the papers named appear to be training their guns in some such direction. That a student who purposes proceeding to a degree in any department, whether arts, medicine or practical science, cannot be too well prepared in the groundwork of his studies is a proposition admitting of no argument. The matriculation examination should be a comprehensive test of the student's knowledge in those preliminary and essential departments—such as mathematics, English grammar and composition, with some history and literature—without which successful study in the higher branches is conceded to be impossible. As to the value of classics, there seems to be a growing doubt in the minds of educators generally; there is a strong disposition nowadays to regard modern languages as equally valuable from a culture standpoint and certainly much more so for practical purposes.

But leaving aside the question of what subjects a matriculant should be required to have studied, there is room for doubt as to whether there is any good purpose to be served by making the entrance requirements of the universities more stringent than they now are. The standard should not be fixed so high that any boy or girl would be discouraged from expending the time or the energy necessary to prepare for a university course. The universities are, or ought to be, for all classes. Their advantages should be for the largest possible number who care to avail themselves thereof. They are not for the very bright only, nor for those alone who possess means to fit themselves by long and purse-draining courses of preliminary preparation in high schools or collegiate institutes. The university can possibly do more for the dull boy than for his brainier brother. Educationally it often holds good that the race is not to the swift. In doing something for the dull boy the university may be doing much for the community at large. The dull boy and the poor boy ought not to be debarred from proceeding to a degree, by matriculation requirements which only unusual intelligence or an unusual course of preparation could satisfy. Far from being rigid, narrow and fixed, matriculation requirements ought to be of a broad and elastic nature, such as any earnest youth of average intelligence could master with reasonable application and in a couple of years after having passed from the Public to the High school.

But equally important with the question of the matricu-

lation standard, is that of special or irregular courses, and in this connection, as in the other, the broad principle may be laid down that the universities ought to be for everybody who comes seeking knowledge. The waters of learning must not be bottled up for a favored few; the universities should give of them without stint, if not without price, to all who confess themselves athirst. In the name of reason, why should any citizen who desires special information in a particular department be shut out from a college lecture-room if he is willing to pay a fee for admission, conduct himself with decorum, and absorb as much knowledge as his intelligence permits and the professor's attainments provide? To take a case which springs to mind at the moment, suppose that a compositor, as frequently happens in a newspaper office, has been taken from the mechanical department and given a position as a reporter, and, desiring to fit himself for further advancement, this young man wishes to take a course of lectures in English literature or political economy. Surely he ought not to be required to first matriculate before being admitted to study these particular subjects of which he desires to obtain some knowledge, without wishing to take in the whole four years' course or to graduate as a Bachelor of Arts. The university ought to be glad of the opportunity to infuse something of its spirit into such a one, and the advantage of the contact is certain to be mutual. If the young man's previous scholastic attainments are not such as to admit of his deriving the full benefit of his course of special study, the loss is his, not the university's. Provided he pays for the instruction and conforms to the regulations of the class, it is a matter of indifference to the university how much or how little good he gets out of what he hears. A professor in most cases can lecture as easily to twenty students as to half that number; he should, indeed, find added inspiration in the larger number and the greater variety of his students. The most advanced universities in the world, those of Germany and the United States, give the largest recognition to the idea of specialization in study. It is no longer held that culture and the training of the mind can only come from the classics and mathematics. It is coming to be recognized, more and more, that any subject properly studied is educational and has its culture value. At Cornell, at Stanford, and at other advanced universities, the student who wishes can study blacksmithing or Shakespeare, as he elects. This is not because these institutions are mere technical schools on a large scale, but because they recognize that no department of human knowledge is mean or unworthy, but all subjects, approached in the proper spirit, can confer the power to think sanely, which is the essence of mental culture and the root of right conduct.

Anything which brings the universities into closer touch with the people must be to the advantage of both, and conversely anything which makes the universities exclusive, narrow and self-centered must react disastrously on those who teach and those taught. The heads of universities sometimes complain because in this wooden country, where everyone is hustling more or less for bed and board, there is something akin to apathy towards the claims of higher education. There is no reason why there should be such a condition of public sentiment. Let the universities get and keep in touch with the people. This is not to be accomplished, however, by fixing their entrance requirements over the head of the average man nor by wiping out the provisions under which unmatriculated students can take up irregular courses and so come into contact with something of the spirit and aims of academic circles.

TORONTONENSIS.

The Latest Victim.

This breakfast food and most-coffee craze has got to stop. A man out in Aitchison, Kan., has a wife who is a victim of the sawdust habit, and feeds him on all sorts of queer things. He wandered home from the lodge one night, and found a box of something on the dining table, and proceeded to eat it. It was a bit hard, but he thought it was some new breakfast food and finished it. The next morning he investigated the matter, he felt a bit strange, and found he had eaten a box of birdseed.—Springfield "Republican."

"Do you have any trouble in making both ends meet?"
"Not the slightest. We gave up trying when the country began to get so prosperous."—Ex.



ARCHBISHOP BRUCESI.

The Montreal prelate who has so scathingly denounced international trades unionism.

Society at the Capital.

MANY of Ottawa's society people are already taking their departure for their summer quarters in the suburbs, and this week Mr. and Mrs. Warren Soper and family moved to their beautiful summer home, "Lornado," at Rockcliffe. Mr. and Mrs. Alder Bliss have taken up their residence at a pretty cottage on the Chelsea road, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Shannon left on Saturday for their summer house at Kingsmere. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Morse have built an exceedingly pretty cottage at Britannia this year, and have also deserted the city during the past week for that attractive spot, and many others are about to follow their example during the present month.

Miss Agnes Scott had an ideal wedding day on Wednesday, it being so warm that wraps were an entirely unnecessary adjunct to the ladies' pretty summer toilets in going to and from St. Joseph's Church. There were very few guests outside of the relatives of the bride and groom, and the wedding took place at nine o'clock in the morning. The bride was married in a very handsome gown of pastel blue cloth, trimmed with heavy string-colored lace, with chiffon yoke and undersleeves, and wore with it a large picture hat covered with white ostrich plumes. A handsome white feather boa completed her costume, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Mary Scott, her cousin, was the one bridesmaid, and Mr. Michael Davis, brother of the groom, did the honors of groomsmen. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and, as is always the case at St. Joseph's Church, the music was exquisitely rendered. After the wedding breakfast, which was held at the residence of the bride's uncle, Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, Mr. and Mrs. Davis left on the 11.30 train for New York, whence they expect to sail for Europe some time this week. The bride received a great many handsome gifts, among them a silver jewel case from Lady Minto, all the Cabinet Ministers' wives also having sent her pretty gifts.

Mrs. R. L. Borden's reception and dance at the Russell, which came off in the early part of the week, was very largely attended by sessional visitors as well as Ottawans, some of whom were Mr. and Mrs. Miss Cargill, Mr. and Mrs. Charlton, Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Gourlay, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Harry, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Roche, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Montplaisir, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Owens, Hon. F. M. and Mrs. Young, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Miss Kirchhofer, and many others too numerous to mention, as over nine hundred guests were invited and nearly all of these availed themselves of Mrs. R. L. Borden's invitation.

Another entertainment at which there were a great many of the sessional guests was Lady Mulock's farewell tea on Tuesday afternoon. As is always the case at Lady Mulock's entertainments, flowers were in profusion everywhere, sweet peas, carnations and roses making a perfect bower of her handsome rooms. Several farewell festivities have been given in honor of Lady Mulock lately, Mrs. Sedgwick being the hostess at one which took the form of a bright little luncheon on Wednesday, at which covers were laid for twelve guests.

Lady Taschereau entertained in a novel manner one day last week by inviting about twenty-five ladies to luncheon at the Bazar which had been going on for some days at the Sacred Heart Church, thereby "killing two birds with one stone" in contributing liberally to "sweet charity" and also entertaining her friends. It was a capital idea and it would be well if others would follow Lady Taschereau's example.

The hearts of the younger portion of the smart set have been gladdened by having two dances during the past week, one given by Mr. Montagu Bates, which was an impromptu one, or, in other words, a "telephone dance," and, like all informal affairs generally are, it was particularly enjoyable. The second dance came off on Friday evening, when about fifty of the bachelors of Ottawa were the hosts at the Hotel Victoria in Aylmer. Unfortunately the weather turned very cold on Friday, after a couple of very warm days, so the advantages of this popular summer hospitality could not be enjoyed as thoroughly as on a balmy evening; nevertheless the dance was a huge success. The chaperones on the occasion were Mrs. J. W. Woods, Mrs. Roberts-Allen, Mrs. Fred Booth, Mrs. G. P. Murphy, Mrs. Barrett Dewar, and Mrs. Alec Christie.

A most charming luncheon at which Mrs. Carroll, wife of the Solicitor-General, was the hostess, came off on Thursday in the spacious room of Speaker Power of the Senate, which for the time being was converted into a perfect conservatory of pink and white carnations. Mrs. Carroll's guests were Lady Laurier, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Lady Cartwright, Lady Borden, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Madame Girouard, Madame Brodeur, Mrs. William Macdougall, Mrs. Wilson of St. Thomas, Miss Barry of Montreal, Mrs. H. Laurier, Arthabaskaville, Mrs. Turgeon of Quebec, Mrs. N. A. Belmont, Mrs. Hecker, Mrs. Lelievre, Miss Tache and Miss Doutré of Montreal.

General regret is expressed on all sides at the departure of Captain Hughes, one of the popular "aides" at Government House, who is leaving Canada this week to rejoin his regiment, the Coldstream Guards. Captain Hughes has made himself a great favorite in Ottawa society, and several smart farewell functions have been given in his honor. The only redeeming feature in connection with his departure is the fact that an old favorite is returning from England to take his place at Rideau Hall in the person of Captain Harry Graham, who was here for the first three years of Lord Minto's term of office, and will now remain until it is ended. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore gave a farewell dinner for Captain Hughes on Thursday evening.

While a great many people are leaving or contemplating leaving Ottawa for the summer months, several are returning after having spent the winter in other places. Miss Freda Montzambert returned on Saturday from an extended visit in England, and her sister, Miss Tudor Montzambert, arrived home from Toronto, where she had been for some weeks, just in time to welcome her. Mrs. and Miss Wurtele, who have spent the winter in Quebec, have returned to their home in Stewart street, and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Grant are expected to arrive in a few days after having been in Scotland all winter.

Another Ottawan who will be heartily welcomed back to society is Miss Lucille Watson, who arrived from New York on Sunday and who will remain in Ottawa for the next two or three months. Colonel and Mrs. Neilson have come to spend a few days with Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, and their many friends are greeting them on all sides. Mrs. Neilson has been staying for a short time in Kingston, where she was the guest of honor at many teas, luncheons and theater parties.

The Harriers had what will most likely be their last run of the season on Saturday, and a very successful one it proved to be. In the absence of Captain Bell, A.D.C., the president of the club, who is in Toronto with the vice-regal party, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall took charge of the chase, and just before starting he received a telegram from Captain Bell, hoping that they would have a successful run, which they certainly had. If the weather is not too warm next Saturday there may be another chase, and the Harriers sincerely hope the cool wave will continue until then.

Ottawa, May 6. THE CHAPERONE.

Unfair to Native Industry.

RECIPROCITY in election sharpeners is one sort of reciprocity which we in Canada certainly are not hungry for and thirsting after. But if recent "revelations" in Buffalo have anything in them, we seem to be traveling in the direction of a free exchange of ballot-switchers and bribe-givers, in addition to the older and better established trade in cashiers and creditors. It is a bad business, this importing of foreign "experts" to assist our free and independent electorate in the choice of legislative representatives. In the first place the balance of trade is certain to be unfavorable to Canada in any such deal with Uncle Sam. We cannot hope to keep pace with the Republic in the production of clean-skaters. They can turn in and glut our market any day. In the second place, it is unfair to native industry to import that which can be equally well supplied, with a little encouragement, by our own people. There seems to be no reason why Canada should despair of producing as smooth and finished an article in this line as any foreign country, not even excepting the United States. Our output may be limited, but the samples are great. The Canadian Preference League ought to see to it that this unpatriotic competition of foreign election experts with the home-grown variety should be discouraged right now.

THE POLITICIAN.

Tenant (angrily)—The cellar of our house is full of rats. What are you going to do about it? Landlord (calmly)—Nothing. What do you expect for \$17 a month, anyway—a cellar full of white mice?—Chicago "Daily News."

The Monuments in Trafalgar Square, London.

Written for "Saturday Night" by F. Barlow Cumberland.

IN this otherwise stolid and unemotional city, the decoration of monuments on the recurring anniversaries connected with those in whose memory they have been erected is a vogue very generally followed, for of the people of England it can fairly be said that they can always forgive a foe and never forget a friend. These commendable sentiments are not so much expressed in perfunctory and exultant methods as in quiet and persistent way and in continuance of memorial.

As a center of these tendencies, Trafalgar Square, with its many monuments, gives good opportunity for observation. Trafalgar Day saw the shaft of Nelson's monument twined with ropes of laurel and its base decked with wreaths and flowers, votive offerings from many naval societies, principally from the British Navy League, one from Canada, and not a few from the descendants of men who had fought under the hero's command in their glorious day. The maintenance of the supremacy of the seas has from the days of Alfred ever been a dominant thought in the minds of the British people, but still more so is it dominant now, under Edward VII, when they are dependent for their daily food upon supplies brought from countries beyond the oceans. The decoration of the monument of their greatest naval hero gains additional interest from the existence of this acknowledged need.

The anniversary of the death of General Gordon falls on the 26th of January. On that day his monument received its meed of attention, the central wreath being from the boys of the Gordon Boys' Home. The news of the visit of Lord



Statue of General Gordon, Trafalgar Square. (Photo by F. Barlow Cumberland.)

Cromer to the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum and the accounts of the success attending this institution for the education of the boys of the Sudan established in Gordon's memory by his great successor, Lord Kitchener, came at the same time with peculiar appropriateness. Both at home and at the scene of his martyrdom, Gordon's great love for boys is being expanded after his death, in ways that, were he living, would surely meet his most earnest desires.

Yet another monument in the circle of the Square was about the same date adorned. Two hundred and fifty-four years ago, on the 30th of January, King Charles I. was led forth from the Palace of Whitehall to his death. His statue stands on the side of the Square facing down the broad expanse of the stately avenue of Whitehall. There is a pathetic interest attaching to the long continued annual decoration of this monument. As with Mary Queen of Scots, so with Charles I. there are in this land of historical continuance fervid memories handed down, passing from generation to generation, from the devoted adherents in life of the Royal Stuarts. Descendants of Mary Queen of Scots occupy the throne of every country in Europe excepting that of the "impossible Turk." Many there were in Great Britain who never forgave the execution of their King, and after them countless gallant souls who considered that the deposition of James II. did not debar his heirs from their right to the Crown. These legitimists staked their possessions for the Stuart cause, followed Prince Charlie to the death, and left these memories as heirlooms to their descendants.



Statue of King Charles I. (Photo by F. Barlow Cumberland.)

Time was that in the early night hours of the 30th of January inscriptions used to be surreptitiously placed upon this statue of Charles I. which were scarcely in consonance with present events or the will of the British people. Nowhere in the world is free speech so free as in England; nowhere is there a people so given to "saying their say" with individual boldness and absolute directness. The Englishman considers the privilege of stating his opinion one of his richest birthrights, yet having done so it is but fair to say that he is freely open to conviction. Having stated his own he is ready to listen to the opinion of others; he has sufficient breadth and capacity of mind to change his mind when conditions need, as evidence the frequent changes of public opinion and the alternations of political parties in power. He is not unchangeable except in one thing, his loyalty to his nation and his King.

Notwithstanding this spirit of forbearance, it yet became desirable in the interest of general opinion and for the avoidance of public rancor, to submit the inscriptions for the decorations of this monument to inspection before their being placed upon it. They are, therefore, deposited the previous day at the "Office of Works," and officially placed in position on the 30th of January. That the censorship is mild and forbearing is shown by the character of the scarcely veiled allusions of some of the inscriptions in which the descendants of the Cavaliers and Legitimists are permitted to indulge in century-old issues.

Among the many tributes sent from different parts of the Kingdom and from abroad was an immense crown at least six feet high, composed of yellow immortelles surmounted by the orb and cross in white and crimson. This was forwarded by the Royal Oak Club of Edinburgh, and bore the inscription:

"O King of loyal Hearts,
To Thee and to Thine Heirs we honor yield.
Dedicated to the sacred memory of King Charles,
Beheaded by his rebellious subjects,
30 Jan., 1649."



BECALMED.

W. F. Maclean—This little Bill an' me seem to be making a hanged sight more leeway than headway just at present.

Among other examples on wreaths and devices were:

"In Loyal Memory, from the Forget-me-not Club."

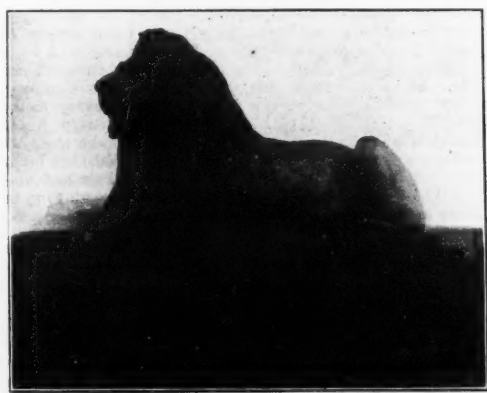
"Still remembered at Oxford University.
S. Charles, King and Martyr."

"In Loyal Memory of King Charles,
from a young Legitimist.
Honor to whom honor is due."

"From the Order of St. Germain, in Memory of
H.R.H. Prince Charles Edward Stuart,
Died Jan. 31st, 1788.
Follow thee—follow thee?
Who would not follow thee?
King of the Highland hearts,
Bonnie Prince Charlie."

It was from one of the windows of the banqueting hall of the Palace of Whitehall that King Charles stepped out to the scaffold. The hall is now occupied by the United Service Museum, and in it was exhibited on this anniversary one of the linen embroidered shirts worn by King Charles when he submitted himself to the headsman's axe. This had been specially loaned for the occasion, and with its gruesome stains of Royal blood divided attention with the many relics of Nelson which are permanently deposited in the Museum.

The interested crowds swarmed about the decorated monuments, the busy passers-by glanced at them as they hurried on, the steady stream of London traffic swept on its accus-



One of the Landseer Lions. (Photo by F. Barlow Cumberland.)

tomed course, the flowers and inscriptions brought past events to mind, while the guardian lions of Trafalgar Square seemingly watched, unmoved, the changing throng.

These four lions at the base of Nelson's monument bear a strange fascination. Landseer, the master genius in depicting animal nature, has modelled them not in exactest adherence to natural form, yet with every natural characteristic, so that they are unmistakably kings of the lion race. But there is a subtle idealizing of the animal features which raises these lions above the level of animal portraiture. By his genius they are translated so as to become the very embodiment of the lion kingdom, in the center of which they rest. Magnificent in majestic power, calm yet alert, patient and even kindly in expression, yet with crest erect, and watchful, listening ears, they gaze in stately repose, with far-looking eye, upon passing events. Waiting they seem in peace, but ready, should the outstretched paw so softly rounded, yet so strong, be called upon to move.

Trafalgar Square is said to be the finest site in Europe. Its memories murmur the annals of passing centuries, its lions are worthy of the centuries and their place.

Nowadays.

Some think they help humanity and all our sorrows gild
When unto each community a library they build.

But though upon appearances munificent they look,
He is the true philanthropist who doesn't write a book.
—Judge.

The Vanderbilt-Rutherford Match.

AFTER remaining unmarried for nearly eight years, William K. Vanderbilt, the father of the Duchess of Marlborough, has been wedded in London to Mrs. Lewis M. Rutherford, a sister of Oliver Harriman, jr., and widow of the eldest son of Lewis Rutherford, the distinguished astronomer, whose photographs of the moon made him famous. Mr. Vanderbilt, who is the head of the Vanderbilt family, and in his fifty-fourth year, met his first wife, now Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, in 1878, at a reception at the house of his sister, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard. She was then Miss Alva Smith, a Southern belle, and within a year he had courted and married her. They built the Vanderbilt house in New York, at Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue, and a large house at Newport. In his famous yacht, the "Alva," Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and their friends made many trips, until she was sunk by collision in 1892. Then the "Valiant" was built, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt started on a ten months' cruise in 1893, but the trip ended abruptly before four months had passed. Thereafter, Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife lived apart, and in March, 1895, Mrs. Vanderbilt obtained a divorce from him.

Nellie Neustretter of Paris was named as co-respondent, and it was understood that the notorious demi-mondaine had been brought into the case merely to enable Mrs. Vanderbilt to obtain the decree. Nine months after the divorce, she was married to Oliver H. P. Belmont. During the past eight years Mr. Vanderbilt has spent much of his time abroad, and when in New York avoided society, attending strictly to his railroad interests, and then, as soon as possible, returning to Paris. The first positive intimation of his matrimonial intentions was revealed a fortnight ago, when he petitioned the New York courts to allow him to re-marry, one of the provisions of the divorce decree of 1895 having prohibited him from marrying again during the lifetime of his former wife. As there was no opposition, Mr. Vanderbilt was at once released from the re-marrying prohibition. This, by the way, is his second wife's third matrimonial venture. Her first husband was Samuel S. Sands, who was killed in an accident at the Meadow Brook Club in 1889.

A Hustling Histrionicus.

Swat,
And out of the glittering social grot
Of the very Fitchie, fitchiest lot,
Stirred in the scorching society pot,
Ho,
He plucks a wild, weird name and a plot;
Whiz!
Through all the scenic mysteries,
The gaily appareled fantasies,
Likewise the dramatic unities,
He shoves his pen till he makes it sizz.
Biff!
Act I.—Act II.—Act III. as if
The thing were a cigarette to whiff.
Slambang
The word goes out to the Broadway gang:
Hooryay
Clyde Fitch has written another play.
—New York "Sun."

Her Journey.

SHE was undoubtedly a beautiful girl. When she came out of her house in the little suburban hamlet in which she lived, with a small satchel in her hand, Jones, who had come out of his house at the same instant, to catch the same train, ran nearly a quarter of a mile to help her with her satchel.

"Ah, good morning," said Jones. "Let me take that; but I insist!" And they trudged on toward the station together.

When she got on the train bound for the metropolis, the car was crowded. She was, however, as has already been remarked, a beautiful girl. And so a dozen men sprang forward.

"Won't you have this seat?" Her pretty lips closed in a dignified "thank you." All the married men who had been too late sank back to their papers, each of them envying in his heart the one who was now obliged to stand. She was such a beautiful girl.

When the train rolled into the metropolis she passed through the station and out into the street, where she stood on the corner and lifted her dainty hand to the first motor-man who clanked by. This motorman was particularly cruel and hard-hearted. He was about to give his car an unusual burst of speed. Suddenly, however, he slowed up—and stopped. He, too, had noticed that she was a beautiful girl.

The nearest man in the car was industriously reading the paper as she entered, but by some subtle alchemy of the soul he rose at once and offered her a seat. It took him but an instant to divine how beautiful she was.

She got off at a dry goods store. Three men tumbled all over themselves to give her passage way. Two men on the outside got off to give her room. Two more men who were getting on bowed and waited obsequiously while she alighted. The conductor, who had been shouting "step lively" to every one, acted as if any kind of hurry was the last thing in the world for him. The man at the door of the dry goods establishment swept it open as if she had been a queen. The floor-walker hurried to her side as if she had been a magnet, although a moment before two old ladies had been looking for him in vain. She was a beautiful girl.

She stepped to the ribbon counter. "I would like to see," she said, and then followed some minute description of the thing desired, couched in feminine terms.

"What's that?" She went over the description again. "Maggie, have we got—?" "Naw, don't think so." "All out. Next week, maybe." "Well, have you—?" "Naw, we don't keep such t'ings."

The beautiful girl—and she was a very beautiful girl—passed on, while Maggie, the first saleslady she addressed, turned again to Maggie, the second saleslady.

"Say, she t'inks because she's a good looker she's entitled to the earth. Well, I wouldn't show her a t'ing."—New York "Life."

The Sign-post.

"To Heaven," "To Hell," so said the guiding fingers.
I looked to right, to left, around, above:
The self-same path it was to which both pointed;
Then saw I that the road was Sexual Love.
ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

The Girls of Toronto.

III.—THE GOLF GIRL.

WE cannot read Dickens and Thackeray without coming to the conclusion that our great-grandmothers excelled in the arts of weeping and fainting. We know that Susannah Saunders informed the court, when the famous Pickwick-Bardell breach of promise case was tried, that "every one as called herself a lady" would faint under such circumstances as a proposal. We naturally wonder how the young men of that heroic age prepared for such an emergency. Did they refrain from the tender question until they were armed with a fan and smelling salts? Did the young women practice the gentle art of swooning, until they went off as gracefully as the fair Lucy in "The Professor's Love Story"? A fainting maiden is no light matter, and it is, perhaps, as well that the custom has vanished, with the working of samplers and the manufacture of cowslip wine. Feminine tears are now used only as a last resort, when man has shown himself horribly obdurate as to the sweet reasonableness of a hat from Stitt's or a summer at Old Orchard. The modern woman can cry, but she will not, unless absolutely forced to this briny argument. If it be asked why the weeping, swooning maiden is rarely found, the answer may be pointed to in the rare qualities of the golf girl. Such radiant, healthful creatures as appear on the links would make short work of dear Dora Copperfield, whose one sensible deed was her early departure from this cold world. Who will regret the change? Not David, surely. He must have made a cheerful widower, although, no doubt, he planted clinging vines above the deceased Dora. Vapors and tears and hysteria cannot exist in the same field with the golf girl. Wherefore, let us be thankful that this kind of club girl has arrived.

Perhaps the golf girl's negative advantages are among her greatest charms. She has not nerves, and her talk is not of her neighbor's ways and meanness. The open air has changed all that, and the talk of the links precludes the dissection of our dear friends' character. It is the woman who stays everlastingly indoors who begins to wonder whether she is understood and whether her household companions are congenial. If she would only get the Rosedale or Lambton breezes, she might find that sympathy and congeniality are as nothing in comparison with the anxiety of taking care of a diminutive ball. Who could have nervous prostration when there is a score to be made? Who cares whether Martha Robinson is engaged or is trying to be, so long as the lady has acquired the proper swing? Golf is more than gossip, and the caddy than tea. The woman with nerves is an agitation unto her friends, and is never a present help in time of trouble. But the golf girl has a bright, outdoor way of looking at things, and drives her troubles and her friend's troubles into a hole from which they dare not emerge.

How fetching are the garments that belong to the royal game! You may talk of the charms of chiffon, and the seductiveness of lace, but the golf girl in her trim brown or grey, with a gleam of scarlet or green, is as bonny as the fluffiest debutante that ever floated in white muslin at the ball of Scotland's saint. The Toronto girl has usually a foot that is firm and not too expansive, and it never looks better than when it is planted on the green fields of golfland. White satin slippers are all very well in poems, such as Dobson and Austin may write, but they are poor things in comparison with the jaunty golf shoe that tells of sport and health and good fellowship. And those wicked, bright waistcoats that suggest a freedom and independence that would have shocked the dames of crinoline days! They seem to go with the glowing cheeks and stray locks that the golf girl winningly displays. There is no neatly-braided order that is quite so pleasant as the disorder that results from a flirtation with the sun and the wind. For this reason, the tinge of tan that belongs to the golf complexion is far more attractive than the alabaster brow of a girl, we are assured, was possessed by the heroine of long ago. Alabaster brows and lily fingers are not to be displayed by her who wields a golf stick, nor does she cultivate the society of the languid lady. The physical charms of the golf girl are such as belong to "God's out-of-doors." She is not the modest little violet, whose Easter price is anything but retiring, nor is she the clinging vine that was dear to the three-volume-novel. She is rather a sturdy young pine, with the fragrance of fresh living and good play. Her eyes are bright and unafraid—even of the formidable Man from St. Thomas. Her laugh is as free from care as her heart, and her heart is—where it ought to be—in the game.

Of course, the worthy magazines and ladies' journals begin to wonder if the golf girl is not losing one strictly feminine charm. Miss Marie Corelli, the champion scold of England, and Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose theology and social philosophy are always in hysterics, have gone on the warpath and declared in wilder language than the golf girl ever uses that she is a brazen creature, who sews not, neither does she spin—except on a bicycle. These two popular scribblers are in a sad state over the demoralizing effect of athletics. But we shudder to think of what would be the result should a young woman take a thorough course of Corelli. Let us to the links, lest we fall into reading the pages of "Ardath" or of "Wormwood." Better the golfiest girl that ever flung her cape to the breeze than a heroine of the Marie order. But is not all this talk about the fearsome independence of the golf girl just a little bit of sensational play to the goody-goody gallery that is always afraid that if a girl betakes herself to bicycling or golfing she is straightway going to forget that woman's proper place is the home, her proper work that of providing three meals a day for man? The golf girl is only a girl, after all, and she is not likely to forget that Cupid has some mischief still for idle hearts to do. Then some tedious critics insist that her attire is masculine. Not a bit of it. Its severity only makes the stray touches of softness all the more entrancing. What if she does resort to expressions that are mildly suggestive of Stalky, and occasionally embroiders her conversation with "coming a cropper" and "a beastly fluke"? The English language does not suffer a severer shock than it experiences when a sweet young thing talks about "perfectly lovely" ice cream and a gown that is "just too delicious for anything." Slang is the spice of language, after all, and the chief thing is to have a good taste in seasoning. The love of pretty things is too surely a part of woman's nature to disappear under the influence of any sport, be it ever so Scotch. And as to the charge that the golf girl has no sentiment—well, ask the caddy, who, if he is a wise caddy, will remember Kipling's advice:

"Man may hold all kinds of posts, if he only holds his tongue."
Cupid has not found himself utterly snubbed on the links. But, like a sage young deity, he hides his time and doesn't let his arrows get in the way of the ball. He knows his own game, and golf as well, and he realizes that there may be his influence in the open air as well as in the conservatory, where the palms are the only chaperon. So, Cupid cultivates an acquaintance with the links, for a change of trump is sometimes desirable, and hearts occasionally give way to clubs.
CANADIANE.

Emerson.

O wise man from the West who traveled East,
And brought strange stars to light your western lands;
Among the urns American there stands
Your urn of alabaster not the least.

You taught us that the West is not the whole,
That the old East is needed by the West.
You taught us the long lessons of the Best,
You taught us that the body is not the soul.
—Richard le Gallienne in "Success."

A Modest Man's Opinion of Himself.

(From Toronto "Sunday World," May 3rd, 1903.)
But the champion of the people par excellence is W. F. Maclean, M.P., the editor of a paper, who has by his own unaided efforts, beginning life without a dollar, created a property valued at \$300,000, for the weekly running of which he pays out in wages nearly \$4,000. He may always be found on the side of organized labor. Puttee and Smith look on him as their friend. His ideas go further afield than theirs, but they are on the same line. The constant friend of public ownership, he would apply it in the long run to every public franchise, though he is content at present to advocate only state-owned railways, telegraphs and telephones. A university graduate, a newspaper man from the case to the editorial chair, a student in Paris for two years, an accomplished Greek scholar, a speaker who talks in the Victor Hugo style, he is the cosmopolitan of the House and brings to bear on public problems a trained mind, free from the prejudices that are inherent in Canada's capitalistic aristocracy.

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Anecdotal.

Nat Goodwin receives many letters in the course of a dramatic season. While playing in Brooklyn recently he and his dog inspired the following, which is probably the most original in his collection: "Dear Mr. Goodwin—Me and my Bro. Teddy want to trade a jackknife . . . a six-blader and our new sister for your bulldog, which we saw at the matinee in Act II, the other day. We've used the jackknife six times and the baby four weeks."

Horace Greeley was one of the most profane men that ever lived, and when he realized that he was dying he is quoted as having said aloud: "Well, the devil got you at last, you d—d old ——" A week after the funeral his daughter, Miss Gabrielle Greeley, wrote to Whitlaw Reid, the young editor of the New York "Tribune," to know what were the last words of her father. Reid, who the story goes, wrote: "Your dear father's last words were: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth!'"

A school teacher in Kentucky had some trouble in teaching a little fellow to say "double l," "double e," "double s," et cetera. But after a while his efforts were fruitful, and he was gratified by an extraordinary appearance of interest on the pupil's part. In fact, the boy became a double letter hunter, and ceased altogether to require attention at that point. About that time they reached a lesson concerning the early riser, beginning "Up! Up! and see the sun!" He read it "Double up! and see the sun!"

One day three tailors, an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, were bragging about what each one could do in the way of making clothes. The Englishman said: "If I saw a man walking down the street I could make a suit of clothes for him." The Scotchman thought he would go the Englishman one better, so he said: "If I only caught a glimpse of a man going around a corner I could make a suit of clothes for him." The Irishman said: "Shure, if Oi could only see th' corner th' mon wint 'round I could make a suit of clothes fur him."

A very small girl was observed by a friend of the family eating a certain cereal preparation. She seemed to eat, as the English are said to take their pleasures, sadly. "Don't you like that, my dear?" enquired the friend. "Not pertickly," replied the little maid. "Why do you eat it, then?" persisted the enquirer. The daughter of the house paused with spoon on edge of bowl. "It's got to be eaten," she answered gravely. "The grocery man gives mamma a rag doll for every two packages she buys, and it's got to be eaten every morning." And she continued to eat cereal.

Some young girls at a summer resort were giving a vaudeville performance for a local charity. A young man who thought himself facetious tossed upon the stage after one of the "turns" a bouquet whose chief ingredient was a head of cabbage. The girl who received this offering of appreciation read the card that accompanied it, and advanced to the footlights. "It gives me great pleasure," she said, "to know that Mr. Edward Morgan has enjoyed my performance. I hoped that the audience might like it, but I never expected for a moment that Mr. Morgan would so far lose his head as to throw it upon the stage!"

Stories of Bishop Williams of Connecticut continue to crop out. One just told relates to his first sermon in the parish to which he was called just after he was ordained. He was rather nervous when he began to preach, but as he progressed he noticed an old man in the front pew who seemed intensely interested in the sermon. Whenever the preacher made a point the old gentleman nodded vigorously in approval. This was very encouraging to the not overconfident parson, and after the services he enquired who the man was. "The old man in the front pew?" queried a vestryman. "Oh, he is one of the harmless inmates of the insane asylum around the corner."

A lawyer who has charge of the collection of a large number of rents was recently visited by an old Irish woman, who, after much persuasion, had been induced to come down town and pay her rent. The lawyer's office was on one of the upper floors of a large office building. After the rent had been paid and the receipt given, the old woman was shown out into the hallway by the office boy. The lawyer found her in the hallway a few minutes later, when he had occasion to go out. She was wandering about open-

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Lady Gay's Column

The Merit of Change. An Interesting Book. A Heartsome Story.

There is a strong impression abroad in the world that it is a meritorious thing not to change. One says of a friend, with hearty approval, "He (or she) is always the same," and one rests happily in the comfort of that reliable, durable, always-the-same personage without a question or a foreboding. I can imagine nothing more hopeless than life if such an attitude were universal, if one could say of oneself and all the rest that no change has come with the years and their lessons! It's just one of the things we say without thinking. "Oh, that man (or woman) is always the same," as if it were such a worthy idea. In some things we cannot change, perhaps, though even of that limited persistence "I have made up my mind," but the majority of us can look back and see that in everything regarding our attitude to our neighbors the years have done their sweet, or sour, will upon us. You and I were responsive to appeals or unresponsive in days gone by, where our attitude to-day is directly reversed. We may have learned or unlearned what accounts for the change, but it's there. It is by studying those changes that we shall surely discover whether we are richer or poorer for the lessons, and whether we have progressed to the head or retrograded to the foot of our class. Have we learned reticence at the expense of some faith in our fellow? 'Tis a wise and useful lesson. Have we learned cynicism and doubt instead, the loss is both ways. If we have found that there are many ingredients in happiness instead of one, and many aims beside the attainment of happiness, we have considered, we have learned the philosophy which will balance and soothe our ways and thoughts. Have we instead only learned to be bitter and hard and scornful of that early "one idea" of bliss we have missed the blessing of our teaching. But, anyway, we have changed, and it is very often our honest pride to recognize the fact. It is held that to change in one's actions is blameworthy, but who shall prove that? The qualities which attracted us once may find no answering homage as we grow and learn. We cannot always love on the same level if we are mounting or descending continually. The tragedies of married life exploit this fact day by day around us. People cannot be "always the same" together unless they develop precisely evenly, or retrograde side by side. That comes to be the best hope of happiness life can give, when the law has laid them fast together. It is only of perfection one may safely say, "The same yesterday, to-day and forever." Did you ever go a bit deep into that and see how much it carries?

The late Denis J. Sweney, for many years chief of the Chicago fire department, was known over all the United States as one of the most successful of fire-fighters. He never asked his men to take any risks that he was not willing to take himself, and he was covered with the scars of wounds received in the performance of his duty. A fierce fire broke out in the downtown district one day, and as usual, he was one of the first to appear on the scene. It was a stubborn blaze, and while the firemen were fighting it from a point of vantage there was an explosion that blew the chief and several of his men out through an open doorway. A moment later the roof fell in. The chief picked himself up from the sidewalk. Half his hair was singed off, his face was blackened and covered with scratches and bruises, both hands were bleeding, and he limped as he hunted for his helmet. "Boys," he said, "we got away from there just in time. If we had stayed in that room a second longer we might have got hurt."

The above moralizing was suggested by the words of a person who is suffering because she finds herself unable to get back into the groove from which circumstances ten years ago forced her. Hers is an interesting case in point. Ten years of hard lessons, since she had to leave the paths of pleasantness and comeliness and walk or stumble or fall, as it chanced, along the world's back lanes of poverty and toil. For those ten years she was forever casting heart-looks back upon her easy, bright girl-life, her young womanhood of dalliance, when to read the novel, to wear the smartest gown, to win the closest tennis match, were the ambitions and triumphs of her existence. Then something went wrong—never mind what—but the power (to live such a life) was turned off, and the learning time began with a vengeance. To-day the power is on again, so far as means go, but she cannot settle down to it. "What is wrong?" she plaintively asks. "I have just what I had before, but I am not content." It is just that she herself has changed, and if one may judge from a single letter, she will never fill her quart measure with the old pint of ambrosia. Such mysterious and blessed ways are those of adversity in strengthening and broadening and deepening the nature of you and of me! Instead of the easy-going, mechanical, petty-toned wear of fine clothes, reader of novels and winner of tennis championships, there is a wise, thoughtful, experienced, expanded woman person, who should be an influence helpful and encouraging to her associates, but who can never fit into the small compass or be engrossed in the petty matters that retarded her growth ten years back. And she is yet so dense that she ends her letter with this remark: "If my hard experiences have only taught me to be unfit for the better times when they came, of what good were they?" Perhaps if she have patience to read what I've written to answer her she may understand.

It isn't often that a book takes hold of one these days, but a weird, interesting, subtle, pitiless study of men and women like "The Chameleon" has that power. The characters carry their tragedies in every evolution. They are inevitable. One sees the nature, good and the weakness, and can only sigh and ache in unavailing sympathy with Frank Bradford, who inherits or develops or fosters falseness until his life is isolated from all that is true and tender and lovely. And so, wretched Chameleon as he is, though he twists one's heart in reading, one must follow him to the end. As an offset to Lady Rose's daughter, who thrived on falseness, the study of Frank Bradford will give complete satisfaction. A woman will perhaps feel an outraged sex protest rising in her, and will wish the falseness had worn petticoats in this tale also. It's hard for a real woman to read things like this about men. The real woman loves her men to be true and just, above all things. Here are a very few of the passing "mots," good and otherwise, which strike me in "The Chameleon": "The world's overcrowded, unless you get in and shove. What do you suppose God gave you elbows for?" "His profession don't make or break a man; it's the men who make or break the profession." "Sheddy believes that because seven devils were once cast out of one woman, the same number are still in all the others." "Individualism is all that makes the world go round. You can call it selfishness or concentration, just as you please, but a man must be mindful of himself and unmindful of

Here's the Truth.

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Alphonse Caron, editor of the "Echo," published at Montmagny, Que., has earned the reputation of going to the root of things, getting the whole truth concerning the matter in hand and then setting it forth in plain language, no matter whom it helps or hurts.

The statements of such men are always worth reading, and none more so than the following. It appeared in the "Echo" a short time ago.

"Do you know Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets?" "I (the undersigned) know them as the best thing for Dyspepsia. Every person suffering from this terrible malady ought to use them as I have, and I am sure he would be satisfied."

ALPHONSE CARON.
Mr. Caron's experience should benefit a large number of people. No disease is more prevalent in Canada than Dyspepsia, none more dangerous, disconcerting and dispiriting, none that saps the energy and vigor of people to such an extent. Mr. Caron tells of a sure cure.

"What on earth is to become of the Sparks family, I wonder?" "Why, what's the trouble with 'em?" "All hit heavy by the new food craze. Went over to the other mornin' and found 'em at breakfast—grandmother eatin' Blank's Food, Sparks' wife takin' Dobb's Cereal, and the children divided between ten different brands." "And where was the old man?" "In the stable, eatin' a bale of hay."—"Tit-Bits."

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Women's Black Lisle thread with lace ankles and silk embroidered fronts, in shades of cardinal, sky or white, a very large assortment of designs, per pair 50c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00 and . . . 1.25

Women's Black Lisle thread, all lace throughout and silk embroidered fronts, in shades of sky, green, heliotrope or white, per pair75

Women's Plain Black Lisle thread, with silk embroidered fronts in small spots, cardinal, white or sky, per pair 75c. and1.25

Women's Plain Black Lisle thread, with silk embroidered clocks of spots, in shades of cardinal, sky or white combined with black, per pair1.00

Women's Black Lisle thread, plain and drop stitch, with silk embroidered fronts in cardinal, sky or white, assorted designs. Pongee shade with colored stripes of cardinal, navy, white or green. Black Lisle drop stitch with white spots. Plain Black Lisle with white figures. Pure White Lisle with black vertical stripes or figure. Your choice of any of these lines, 3 pairs for1.00

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others if he is to get on." "If our own secret inclinations were habitually apparent to the world, we should stand lower by just the distance that savages stand below civilization. The years have taught us nothing but concealment." "A woman would rather change her opinions to agree with a man she likes than admit that she agrees with a man to whom she is indifferent." "There are two classes of ministers, those who are bullied by their congregations and those who bully. Morally, as well as in other ways, it is better for us and for them that we should bully." "If a man keeps a clean body, clean hands, like the outdoors and treats woman like a man and not like a brute, he can go to what church he pleases, or none at all, and yet sleep nights like a child." "That country hospitality which finds room always for the professional servants of the family, the doctor, the lawyer and, of course, the minister." "The street-piano! What a taste the Latin nations have in torture since the Spanish inquisition!" Now, don't you think a book bristling with the like of these would make fair reading?

I heard a heartsome little story the other morning. During the dog show in New York some weeks ago there strode into Madison Square a stalwart giant leading a splendid pup, a pup that presently made the judges and all others that knew dog-merits go down on their knees in homage to a perfect specimen of a perfect breed. The giant was a priest, cure of a small and impecunious parish in Canada, whose church carried a load of debt. There was a certain generous and delightful Irishman who loves good company, and he foregathered with the great priest and heard his tale of the

dog and the parish and the church debt. As the two big men talked, somehow it came about that the soul of the layman was stirred to do something to ease the country church of its burden. "Do you," said he to the priest, "go among the faithful and work up an interest, and when it's fairly going let me hear from you and down I'll come and tell the habitation tales and recite the songs that delight Canadians, and maybe enough people will pay to hear them in big, wealthy New York to help along that debt of yours a bit." The giant priest whose pup had raised such a furore in Madison Square went to work among the faithful, and presently came a wire to Montreal with a message to the generous Irishman which made him pack up a dress suit and start for Gotham without delay. He was driven to "Canaan" (as the Waldorf Astoria is nicknamed), and in that palatial hostelry was sumptuously lodged. Its beautiful lecture-room was sold out, boxes and floor, for the evening, and the habitation stories and simply beautiful songs were recited and read to the smartest audience imaginable. There was, over the big expenses, money and to spare to free the country church from its debt, to fill the priestly heart with gratitude, and to make the good soul from Montreal satisfied that he had not offered his gifts of brain and voice in vain. I could see those two glowing Irish faces, hear those manly, vibrating voices, almost feel the grip of those strong hands as the priest and the writer parted after that glorious evening! And 'tis a heartsome tale, that's why I tell it to you, you who so lately laughed and sighed and felt teary over the stories of Johnny Corleau and Little Bateese and Philorum's wonderful sea voyage! Next time the big Irishman from Montreal reads for you, just recall how kindly and heartily he lifted the debt from Father O'Gorman's church at Gananoque. LADY GAY.

A Careless Chemistry Chap.

A jolly young chemistry tough, While mixing a compounded stuff, Dropped a match in the vial, And after a while— They found his front teeth and one cuff. —"Powder Magazine."

Candor.

In marriage notices done by country papers the bride always "looks charming," no matter how she is "got up" or what her color is. To look charming is the aim and delight of all brides at the critical moment of crossing the "Bridge of Sighs," and the country chronicler dare not say they looked any other way. A bit of candor like this (from a Missouri journal) once in a while would be refreshing:

"Married — Miss Sylvia Khades to James Carnahan, last Saturday afternoon. The bride is an ordinary local girl, who doesn't know any more than a rabbit about cooking, and never helped her poor mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty, by any means, and has a gait like a fat duck. The groom is well known here as an up-to-date loafer; has been living off the old folks all his life, and don't amount to anything no-

how. They will have a hard life while they live together, and we hasten to extend absolutely no congratulations, for we don't believe any good can come of such a union."

A Wish of Peace.

Give me a book, and an arched nook With the soul of the wood imbued; A vista of blue, the branches through; The forest music—and solitude. —L. H. Gebhard

The Kiss.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity. —Nashville "Banner."



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Here and there is a grocer who doesn't sell Windsor Salt, but such cases are rare. No grocer anywhere can possibly buy a better salt than "Windsor," in its great purity, whiteness, dryness. Ask your grocer why he doesn't sell it.

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The Two Apples.

WHEN the morning of the sixteenth day broke out from the gray battlements to the eastward, only two live men remained on the raft which more than two weeks before had left the splintered side of the barkentine; besides, there was one dead man, and his body counted three out of a dozen who had clung to the raft until ten starved to death because they could not live on red apples and brine.

Zadoc roused as much as a man can when every morning he awakens less and less until some day he does not wake at all. Jeems lay staring toward the sun as at a stranger's face.

"Turn out, Jeems!" said Zadoc, when he had worked some life back into his thickening tongue. "Fill me put him over." They rolled the body into the sea with no words or ceremonials to mark the end, except that Jeems, when some part of the splash stung his face, struck off the drops with trembling, horrified hands.

"Two apples left," said Zadoc, not in any tentative sounding of possibilities, but with finality forced home by a fact so plain and near as to render evasion needless.

"One for to-day," said Jeems, "the other one for to-morrow."

"The last one for to-morrow!" returned Zadoc, bold as ever. "Let us wait as long as we can before breakfast." The raft drifted many hours, following the sun around the fatal, empty bowl. Jeems broke that vast silence:

"Zadoc, I must eat something. My head is—you know—my head!"

"So does mine," said Zadoc. "Cut the first apple in two."

It takes a little to satisfy, when one is starving, and that little goes so very fast! When Zadoc put his furred teeth into half the first apple, it was as if he had not tasted since he left Cape Cod a dozen years before. His mind, strained with a long, unrealized hope, forgot the timbers on which his bent muscles hung, and went back to an orchard he had known—where such apples always grew. The cool air from the shadows underneath the tree-rows seemed interlaid with waves of heat and the loved odors of the sunlit seaside farm—that long slope from the meadow land up, up and up beneath the slant uncertain fence to where the white topsides of the house were vividly set off in green—till Zadoc came to himself and understood that the smell was only the damp breath of the Atlantic, and the heat the plunging agony which flowed from his own tense heart. The first apple was gone.

The two men's eyes conversed in brief. Then Zadoc said:

"I'm going to sleep again, if it is sleep. Anyway, I'm tired. Can you stay up a while?"

"It's my trick," consented Jeems.

Neither spoke of the approaching end, but when they had sat staring at each other a time—for mad men's minds move with but a mock agility—Zadoc said:

"Put the second apple under the tin cup in the middle of the raft, and keep it there."

When the apple was safe, Zadoc held out his right hand.

"Until I wake, Jeems!" he said.

"It is safe there," was the answer, and Zadoc lay down on the soggy timbers satisfied with faith in the honor of his starving mate.

To Jeems, who watched, the sea looked as never in his life before. For years he had enslaved it. As a tough Mount Desert fisher boy he had bough it to his childish will, and in many later years afloat had thrown back its innumerable challenges with all contempt until The Last Time. In sailors' lives, birth and the marriage day bow down to The Last Time. It always comes, when Fortune or the years have made them blindly bold.

His courage fled before the onslaught of these terrible seas which, high above the level of his blurring eyes, swept up in a tortuous parade, as if Death maddened his victims by passing his grand divisions in review.

Besides, the pain of hunger so outgrew all reason! It cut through the man's thin body like the blade of a great and sudden sorrow in one's heart, through and through, ever returning, never going!

A greater sea than the others rolled underneath the raft and shook the loose boards so that the tin dipper rolled on its inverted rim, and then fell tinkling back again. Jeems crawled to where he could lift the dipper and see beneath. The second apple lay secure, its plump sides a shocking contrast to the terrors of the raft. Jeems looked hard. A cruel pain shot from his throat to his heels in a tearing red-hot spiral. The first apple had so cooled his mouth! Water began running off Jeems's chin. If he could only run his fingers down those rounding sides, maybe they would catch some of the orchard smell.

Jeems clapped the dipper down with a sudden muscular fury, and kicked Zadoc into sense with such vigor that he fell exhausted from the effort.

"It was so lonesome, I thought I might go off," he explained, adding:

"Zadoc, what's your family?"

"Five and the wife, God help 'em," said Zadoc, not dramatically either, but just dully, as if it was what his mind had grown to know very much better than anything else. "Have you?"

"No," said Jeems. "Years ago I called on a pretty girl over to Somerville, but nothing came of it."

"Just as well now," said Zadoc coldly, adding half in dream, "I recollect all them Somerville girls was Jeems' sister."

"Who?" asked Jeems.

"Lizabeth—the wife—why, she was your sister, Jeems!"

"So she was! I forgot!"

Many madmen meek in the past tense at the stage where they seem to look back on their proper selves.

The sun neared the west.

"Lie down again," said Jeems, "I'll watch."

"Any sail—that time before?"

"No sail, Zadoc."

The wind dropped near night, and Jeems lay on the raft with eyes that glowed back the red reflection of the setting sun. As it moved toward the liquid line of sea, its brilliance fell into the another of a cloud through which its sides shone with the softened, satin polish of the second apple as Jeems last saw it. The thought struck him in the middle of his heart, which began leaping

like when, at nineteen, a girl's smooth fingers lingered on his own. He hungered for sight of the second apple as for nothing else in the whole of the world before. He wished the raft might roll so violently as to throw off the dipper, and then, before he realized, his own foot had kicked it into the ocean and the apple smiled before him, securely laid between two great planks at the bottom of the raft. Zadoc slept. Jeems was alone with the second apple!

He looked at it between caked lids and let his eyes rove over and over its rare beauties. For the first time since he was born, his whole being—the knotted body whose abundant energies had been quite absorbed by the arduous doings of his roving life, and the big heart of him where the rich red of the blood was pent and packed with never a bit of an outlet for relief—thrilled with the keen, delicious mystery of Desire. His meagre lips, crackling like snake-skin, repeated in monotone as if to hold his conscience under some mesmeric charm: "I must! I must!"

The mere thought of the cool heart of the fruit made his pulse spring as if whipped. To imagine the exquisite satisfaction which would follow his teeth as they sank slowly, slowly—sank farther and farther through those moistening walls until at the very acme of delight they met! Christ! He was on it in an instant, holding it with both hands and not lifting it, but just putting his face down and keeping it so in a passionate embrace. He would eat, if he died for it. He must—

"Lizabeth!" It was Zadoc, dreaming.

"Lizabeth! Good old girl. Good girl. By-by, home at sundown. Good old, good—ah-h-h-h!"

The voice fell away in an idiotic sigh. Jeems sprang to his feet and stood swaying with the raft, the image of his sister in his eyes. Off east, where the gray shades grew, he saw her walking on the sea, her long hair blown before like a cloud of jet-black flame and her face all lovely.

"Lizabeth!" Jeems spread his arms, but she did not see him, for she looked at Zadoc as he lay there at her brother's feet, and her eyes rained love, which calmed the sea like oil.

And then Jeems saw himself as if from far. "Lizabeth!" he cried, but she did not hear, so he held his two arms up toward the sky and whispered:

"God, God! Forgive Jeems Harbutt, wicked sinner—and take him!"—his voice sank to a low, unhuman key—"and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever—O God!"

And with arms still raised in supplication for his great unselfish soul, he sprang out backward to the darkening sea.—James Edmund Dunning in "Atlantic Monthly."

J. Fletcher's Glad News

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Lumbago and He is a Sound Man.

Granton Man Shouts the Good News That There is a Cure for Kidney Disease and That Cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Granton, Ont., May 4.—(Special.)—There is no uncertain sound about the statement of John Fletcher of this place. "I am glad to let the public know that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured me of Lumbago, and now I am perfectly sound," that is the way he puts it. Questioned as to the particulars of his cure Mr. Fletcher said:

"I had been troubled for a year with Lumbago and Kidney Troubles. My urine was of a very bad color and I could get nothing to help me.

"I consulted doctors, but they could not help me, and I was not in a very cheerful frame of mind when I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"But it was a lucky day for me when I did. Almost from the first they gave me relief and I was soon entirely cured.

"Yes, my Lumbago is gone; my Kidney Complaint is gone and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it all."

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Kidney Complaint, whether that complaint takes the form of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lame Back, etc.

A Plumbing Expert.

Aghast, the master plumber views the work of his subordinate. The bungling youth has gone about his work of repairing a leak as if it were the simplest thing in the world. He has not scattered tools all over the premises, neither has he cluttered up the floor with odd pieces of piping, while he absent himself for two days at sixty cents an hour.

"Great balls of fire!" yells the master plumber. "Have you no regard for professional ethics? Will you never learn anything?"

Seizing an axe and a hammer, he smashes the plastering from the wall and wrenches ten feet of pipe loose, permitting the escaping water to flood the dwelling. With deft, steady strokes he tears up the floor of two rooms and drops a pair of ten-pound pinners into a cloisonne vase in the room beneath.

"There!" he says, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction. "That looks more workmanlike, anyway."

Some Suggestions for Spring Millinery.



1. The Motor Hat (very smart). 2. The Basket (very useful). 3. The Frying Pan. 4. The Golf Hat. 5. The Gramophone. 6. The Tambourine.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Bridge.—"What kind of a crathur," is it? Vex a rather nice kind of crathur, machine. You have sense to keep your own counsel and kindness to feel for a friend. There is, however, a considerable time of self-seeking in your study. You look idealize life in some cases, and you'd much rather jump at a conclusion than get at it by way of argument or reason. Some good sense and a dash to the contrary. The gradually growing complications, abbreviations and significations are fascinating to minds fond of evolution. You have practical ambition and an optimistic nature, and you are extremely well formed in character for seventeen years of age. Had you mentioned the date of your birth I could have told you much more.

Postal Card.—You evidently know that one may express one's mind, no matter how rudely and ignorantly, in the semi-publicity of an unsigned postal card, without dread of the law. It's a mean way of doing it, however, and generally meets with the contempt it merits. In the matters which you discuss on your postal card, your want of knowledge and your want of charity are about balanced. May the gods give you more of each!

A.B.C.—You and the preceding study are a fine contrast. I wish you had written the Postal Card, because it wouldn't have been ruled. Your writing shows great magnetism, impulse and energy, caution and discretion, good temper, sympathy and considerable tact. You are straightforward, honest and offhand. Should be of good business methods and logical, clear thought. I thank you for your good wishes and comments. We shall always try to deserve them. I am glad to note in your lines the graceful curves and loops of the writer who appreciates art and all the refinements, as well as indications of affection, generosity and some humor. If we please such as you, we can't expect to always satisfy the other sort, can we now?

X.Y.Z.—I should suggest that some of the time you thought you give to introduction should be devoted to other matters. It is characteristic of you to ask whether you are "likely to fail" in your projects instead of "shall you succeed." You are eminently apprehensive and mistrustful of your own powers, but you have some good ambitions. Nobody should be allowed to cross their "I's" as you do—it gives a graphologist a pain! It is eccentricity without strength, and you really mustn't do it. You are honest, honorable and careful. You are full of sympathy and feeling, sometimes over-sensitive, perhaps. Above all, don't foreboding is sometimes the surest road to failure. Believe you're going ahead, and at all events you'll have an inspiration to effort.

M.A.G.—The eighteenth of December isn't, to my knowledge, either lucky or unlucky, viewed astronomically. You can't pronounce on any such matters; no one can. December is ruled by Sagittarius, a fire sign, and its children are generally somewhat impulsive, nervous, restless and exacting, unless under very congenial circumstances. I cannot say about the nursing. Your writing is too crude to risk an opinion upon it.

Book Notes.

"The Woman Who Toils," by Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst (George N. Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto), purports to be the "experience of two gentlemen as factory girls," and is much in line with Wyckoff's experiences amongst the toiling classes of the male sex. Naturally enough, these ladies had a rather superficial view of the life of factory toilers, yet their insight has been deep enough to make the record of their experience exceedingly interesting reading. The interest flags when they begin to moralize instead of recounting actual experience for one cure, more about what the multitude does and says and thinks than for the philosophizing of those who go out simply to get something to write about. One thing, however, stands out in bold prominence, and that is the selfishness of the average woman worker. The lives of these young women, as narrated by those who undertook the task, show that in the majority of instances the girls would have been better employed at home helping their mothers and devoting themselves to domestic pursuits. Except in the case of the physically unattractive, or indeed where unattractiveness approached repulsiveness, the girls were simply anxious for "independence," freedom from restraint, and the wherewithal to bedeck the poor bodies which grew bent and unwholesome with factory toil, in raiment sufficiently gay to attract masculine eyes. The young women as pictured by these writers are certainly a very sorry type. Kind as they appear to be to one another.

Keep your Stomach Healthy.

When you get up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth that the tooth brush will not remove, a coating on your tongue, and a general "out of sorts" feeling, don't blame it on what you had to eat the night before. A healthy stomach would be able to look after that. It's poor digestion that makes you feel so badly. A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt in half a tumbler of water at rising will make you feel better—will cure you if you follow directions. Abbey's Effervescent Salt revitalizes every organ of the body—it clears away fermenting matter and refreshes and cleanses the stomach. It prevents the suffering that often follows a pleasant evening.

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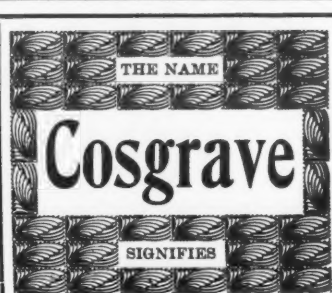
If you eat Pork and Beans eat Clark's—they're delicious.

er, their aims cannot be considered uplifting. Except in but few cases they are pictured as virtuous in their conduct, but averse to marriage until they are twenty-five or twenty-six years old, on account of the restraints which would be put upon them by having a house to look after. President Roosevelt, in reading some of these articles when they appeared in "Everybody's Magazine," wrote to Mrs. Van Vorst that the chief trouble that she had brought into view "is one of character." If that lady has properly pictured the subject of her study, the average working girl is a selfish and thoughtless miss, vain and giddy, though not particularly bad, and entirely forgetting her obligations to society by refusing to marry and become a mother, or after marrying still clinging to the foolish "independence" which she imagines would be interfered with by toddlers clinging to her skirt. It is not a pretty thought, and yet the decrease of the birth-rate even in our own country indicates that it is not far astray. Another feature brought out by this book is the unwholesome nature of the food that women insist upon consuming, sweets and pickles, pie and cake, anything to spur a languid appetite. It is contended that this is caused largely by women eating while they are tired and not having a period of recreation before they eat luncheon. It is to be feared that it is true of women who have plenty of leisure, and if one enquires amongst doctors it will be found that a very large percentage of the diseases which render women nervous and incapable are brought about by constipation, the result of bad food and an unalterable carelessness and disinclination to attend to the duties of nature which women are so apt to consider embarrassing and indelicate. After carefully reading the book with absorbing interest and noting the deductions which the writers make that women are worse paid than men because they are not as capable as men, I am thankful that I am not the writer of the work. While the sex will be patient with those who have spoken so candidly they would not likely endure the same truths if told them as bluntly by one of the male sex. The cotton factories of the South are described as hotbeds of ill-health, hard work, bad pay and loose living. What is said should produce an effect, and the book is certainly well worth reading.

The "Bookman's" May list of the six best-selling books of the past month (for the whole of North America) is as follows:

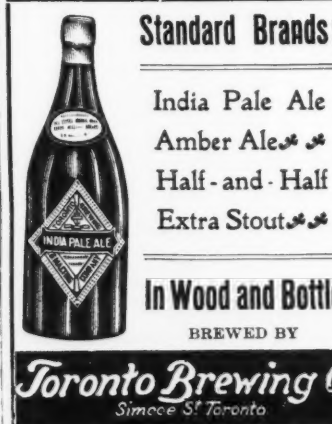
1. "Lovey Mary," Hegan.
2. "Lady Rose's Daughter," Ward.
3. "The Pit," Norris.
4. "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," Lorimer.
5. "Under the Rose," Isham.
6. "The Circle," Thurston.

The amount of money Mrs. Ward received from "Harper's Magazine" for the serial rights of "Lady Rose's Daughter" is an interesting subject of current comment. Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, an experienced literary agent, surmises that, as the book rights of the novel also went to the Harpers, in accordance with an inflexible rule of the house, Mrs. Ward could have received no less than \$25,000 for the serial rights. Adding to this her royalties on the sales of the book, which,



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she says, promise to be enormous, it is estimated that Mrs. Ward will reap a tidy profit of over \$500,000 on "Lady Rose's Daughter." No living author has ever received as much. Miss Gilder asserts that "there is no doubt that Mrs. Humphry Ward is the best paid of living novelists." The Harpers, following their custom, are reticent as to the figures in the case.

Some very clever parodies on fashionable forms of fiction—the romantic novel, the kailyard novel, and the rest—will be found in the "Letters to a Literary Aspirant" which the "Living Age" for April 25 reprints from "Blackwood's Magazine."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Doctor Bryson: A Novel," by Frank H. Spearman. (Toronto: William Tynell & Co.)

"Sundays and Weekdays With the Children," Including daily texts, lessons, songs and recitations, also thoughts for older folk. By Mrs. Virginia J. Kent, with introduction by Lucy Rider Meyer. (Chicago, New York, and Toronto, Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"The All Red Line: The Annals and Aims of the Pacific Cable Project," edited by George Johnson, honorary member of the Royal Statistical Society. (Ottawa: James Hope & Sons.)

"When Angels Come to Men," by Margaret E. Sangster, author of "Janet Ward," "Winsome Womanhood," "Lyrics of Love," etc. (New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"Journey's End, A Romance of Today," By Justus Miles Forman. Illustrated by Karl J. Anderson. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

"The Misdemeanors of Nancy," By Eleanor Hoyt. Illustrated by Penrhyn Stanlaws. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

"The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller. With her letters (1887-1901) and a supplementary account of her education including passages from the reports and letters of her teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan. By John Albert Macy. Illustrated. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

"The Trail of the Grand Seigneur," By Olive L. Lyman. With colored illustrations by F. Steeple Davis and Clara Angell. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen.)

"The Secret of the Divine Silence, and Other Sermons," By B. D. Thomas, pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

A Good Gas Mantle too.

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NOTHING shows better the remarkable spread of the cultivation of music during the past half century than a recent reference made recently in the London "Daily Telegraph." "Fifty years ago," says the writer, "the lot of the musical critic was a happy one (unless he wrote on space). For forty-two weeks in the year he enjoyed an almost uninterrupted spell of 'masterly inactivity.' And during the remaining ten weeks the number of concerts was about sixty. At present matters are reversed, and there are barely ten weeks a year in which concert-goers are not alert and active in the metropolis; and for the busiest portion of the present season the concerts work out at the astonishing rate of nearly six a week. In the fifties all the important London concert halls combined did not hold more than 4,000 persons. To-day the Albert Hall alone accommodates 11,000. Only the orchestra is losing ground—as in New York—the fact being that the public are rarely interested in new works, and it is only by periodic performances of such ever-green favorites as the 'Elijah' and the 'Messiah' that London's leading choral society is really able to keep its head above water." From all of which statements we in Toronto can complacently draw the inference that in regard to the supply of music and the general dissemination of musical taste among the masses we are better off than was the great metropolis in the fifties. Our season extends from September to May, during which time concerts are so numerous that the music critic is unable to attend them all. Our halls of music to accommodate nearly six thousand people, we have larger six thousand old custom in Vienna which permitted the players in the orchestra to be the judges of what new compositions were to be performed. Hans Richter—then conductor of the Vienna orchestra—told him that he could not arrange to have the concerto performed unless the orchestra agreed. Thereupon Brodsky played the Tchaikowski concerto to the band, who said: "Yes, it's all very fine, and you play it very well, but play something else." He agreed to play something else, but a few days before the concert he went to Richter and said that unless he were allowed to play the Tchaikowski work he would not play at all. This determination made him the master of the situation, and he had his own way."

The choir of Parkdale Methodist Church have been making a good record for themselves of late, and have been winning a great deal of praise from the musical community of the West End for the excellent and attractive services they have provided. During the past few weeks they have given two very successful concerts in the church, the last of which, on Tuesday evening, attracted a very large audience. The work produced was Homer Norris's sacred cantata, "Nain," a composition for solo voices, chorus and instrumental accompaniment that if not very profound in devotional feeling, contains music that is eminently melodious and well calculated to be attractive to the general public. The choruses are, moreover, handled effectively, and, on the whole, the cantata is a welcome addition to the repertoire of short sacred works. The Parkdale Methodist choir sang throughout with evident zeal to do justice to the music, and their rendering afforded another exemplification of the remarkable progress our church choirs have made of late years in the finer qualities of ensemble singing. One noted the earnest desire to reproduce with fidelity the nuances of shading and to maintain the musical quality of the tone. This was successfully accomplished at the very outset in the opening "Benedictus," with its angelic chorus, "Lo! He Cometh," delivered pianissimo, which had a very beautiful effect. One might mention also the evident care with which the soloists approached their work. Mrs. Jury sang the several solos allotted to the Magdalene with appropriate seriousness of expression, and Mr. Alexander, the tenor, in the music representative of the Saviour, may be congratulated on the scrupulous care with which he acquitted himself in a difficult task. In the preliminary miscellaneous programme, the feature was the singing of Miss Laura Shildrick, who sang Dudley Buck's "My Redeemer and My Lord" and Campion's "The Ninety and Nine" with much charm of tone color and with that sympathetic quality of voice peculiar to the mezzo timbre which is so appealing to the ear. The choir sang Macy's arrangement of Sullivan's "Lost Chord" (unaccompanied), which they rendered with alternate sweetness and sonority and with a smooth blending of tone that was very grateful. An arrangement of "Nearer My God to Thee," for soloists and chorus, in which Mr. Charles Parker and Miss Daisy Dean took the solos, was warmly applauded. Mr. Humphrey Anger gave a couple of organ solos of a descriptive character, and was given a most appreciative reception, the audience showing a desire for an encore number after his playing of Neukomm's "Dramatic Fantasia," suggesting a concert on a lake interrupted by a storm. The conflict of the elements was apparently so realistic that the organ was put out of action for a few minutes, but whatever was wrong was soon remedied, and the director, Mr.

A. B. Jury, was able to proceed with the cantata. The parts of the children in the cantata were sung by the Misses Maud Olmsted and Lillian Dent with much sweetness. Miss Eva J. Luttrell was at the piano, and supplemented the organ in the accompaniments with judgment and technical efficiency.

In the hall of the Toronto College of Music on April 30 a recital was given by Miss Florence Deacon, vocalist, and Miss E. Adele Barnard, pianist, before a fashionable and appreciative audience. The programme was varied, well chosen, and showed to advantage the temperament and musical abilities of the performers. Miss Deacon has a contralto voice of good range, whose sympathetic quality and tone are most pleasing. In all her songs she showed good schooling, united with intelligence and technical skill. Her programme was: "Lascia Chio Pianga," Handel; "O That We Two Were Maying," Nevin; "Ave Maria," Schubert; "Calm as the Night," Bohm; "Oh Fair, Oh Sweet and Holy," Cantor; "Angels Guard Thee," Godard (violin obligato by Mr. F. C. Smith); "Sognai," Schira; Miss Barnard is a talented pianist and shows much promise. Her choice of pieces was admirably adapted, and she played especially well the "Rigoletto Fantasia," Liszt-Verdi, which was full of the forcefulness required for effective rendering. Her other numbers were: "Prelude and Fugue," No. 2, Bach; "Nocturne," op. 32, No. 2, and "Etude," op. 25, No. 9, Chopin; "Prelude in C Sharp Minor," Rachmaninoff; "Frühlingstraumchen," Sinding; "Canzone Amorosa," Buena Noite, Nevin; "Si Oiseau l'Etait," Henselt; "Tremolo Etude," Haberer; and a two-piano piece by Saint Saens, "Le Rouet d'Omphale." Miss Barnard was ably assisted in this number by Miss Elizabeth Westlake.

Mr. Maurice Vanderwater has been appointed tenor soloist in the Metropolitan Church choir. Mr. Vanderwater is a pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley.

The combination recital of Messrs. Frank Welsman, pianist; Heinrich Klingenberg, violinist, and David Ross on Tuesday evening, the 12th inst., in Association Hall, is sure to prove of much interest, the more especially as a very choice programme will be offered. The plan of seats is open at Mason & Risch's warehouses.

Miss Lena M. Hayes, the accomplished solo violinist, gave a very successful recital on Saturday evening in the hall of the Conservatory of Music. Her opening number, given in conjunction with Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, was the exciting first movement from Grieg's duo sonata in C minor for violin and piano, which was given a spirited rendering, with touches of pathos in the episodes, and with a most sympathetic ensemble. The very difficult "Ballade and Polonaise," by Viennetemps, gave Miss Hayes an opportunity of showing her well-developed command of the fingerboard and also her control of nuances of tone. Other numbers were by Sarasate, Paganini and Schumann, all of which were interpreted with finish of technique and distinction of style. Miss McMurry sang several songs with all her accustomed clarity and sweetness, and Mr. Tripp contributed with his well-known ability a choice selection which included Rameau's "Tambourin" and Rubinstein's brilliant study in C. Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments with great judgment.

Mr. A. S. Vogt has commenced the work of reorganizing the Mendelssohn Choir, and is testing the voices of applicants for membership in Mendelssohn's 98th Psalm. Appointments can be made with the conductor on application to the chairman of the chorus committee, Mr. B. Morton Jones, phone Main 601, or directly with Mr. Vogt, phone North 1674.

The choir of Carlton Street Methodist Church, which is acknowledged to be one of the best church choirs in the city, won a well-merited success on Thursday evening at its closing concert under the direction of the choir-master, Mr. J. M. Sherlock. The programme was devoted to miscellaneous selections and Gail's cantata, "Ruth." In the miscellaneous numbers the choir sang with considerable dash and "elan" Costa's "With Sheathed Swords," in addition to singing with well sustained softness and delicacy Barnby's "Sweet and Low," and with patriotic fire "Scots Wha Hae." Mr. Arthur Blight sang Albeniz's "The Lord is My Light" in his best form, and Mr. Sherlock contributed by request Blumenthal's "Sunshine and Rain" with much care of phrasing and feeling. In the cantata, Miss Alice Field, house and Miss Laura Shildrick took the principal women parts, and it is needless to say, acquitted themselves with special acceptance. The chorus created a most favorable impression, both in the mass and in the individual sections.

Writing in the Boston "Boston Record and Review," Mr. W. J. Baltzell rails at attention to the openings available in music for young men of talent and ambition. He notes that by far the larger portion of music students are women and girls, and that among men the opinion seems to prevail that music is an effeminate profession. He holds, on the contrary, that there is no art or occupation in which there is a greater demand for educated, pushing young men. The cities need such men, conservatories need them, colleges need them, musical organizations, choral societies, churches and church choirs—every phase of musical life and activity, not excluding that of the listener, all need young men who are eager for work. Leaders in particular are wanted. "The captains are passing, and from the ranks behind them must come their successors."

St. Luke's Schoolhouse was the scene of an attractive entertainment on Tuesday evening last, when Miss Hillary and her pupils presented "Westward Ho," a cantata for women's voices by J. E. Ruckel. The incidental solos were taken by Miss Ruby Jellett, Miss Archer, Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Pringle, who also contributed to the miscellaneous programme which followed. Great credit is due Miss Hillary for the artistic as well as the financial success of the entertainment, and while it would be difficult to particularize, special praise is due to Miss Jellett for her rendering of her solo, the "Waltz Song" from Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette," displaying a so-

prano voice of purity and flexibility. Mrs. Williamson played the accompaniments with her accustomed skill.

Mr. Rechab Tandy, with some of his pupils, will give another in his series of vocal recitals in the Conservatory Music Hall on Monday evening next, 11th inst. On this occasion Mr. Tandy will sing three of Schubert's most popular songs, as well as songs by Blumenthal and Gounod.

Mr. Coates Lockhart, the tenor soloist with the Kilties' Band, has met with much success wherever he has appeared in the United States. The California and Western papers speak in highly eulogistic terms of his voice and style.

Still another of the many talented piano pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt appeared before the public on Monday evening at the Conservatory Music Hall in Miss Cecil McKenna, who played an exacting programme with an authority and firmness of touch and technique and a musicianly appreciation of her music that created an exceptional impression. Miss McKenna gave a very clear illuminating rendering of the Bach-Tausig Tocatta and Fugue in D minor and a brilliant and equally lucid interpretation of Beethoven's bravura sonata, the "Waldstein" (first movement). The audience were, in fact, so favorably struck with her playing of the Bach number that they gave her a unanimous recall. Later in the evening Miss McKenna gave a group of pieces by Liszt, Schubert, Sinding, Chopin and Leschetzky, in which she evinced a sympathetic appreciation of the individual styles of the composers, while displaying a technique that was equal to the demands made upon it. Miss McKenna had the assistance of Miss Mina Phillips, vocalist, pupil of Mrs. Bradley, who sang Goring Thomas's "A Summer Night" with felicity of style and with a voice that was attractive, and a string quartet consisting of Mr. G. W. Rutherford, Miss Minnie Connor, Miss Marguerite Waste, pupils of Mrs. Adamson, and Mr. D. Constable, pupil of Mr. Saunders, on the cello, who played a slow movement by Haydn with meritorious tone and finish.

Mr. W. Millard McCammon, tenor, a pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy, gave a most promising account of himself in a recital last Wednesday week in the Conservatory Music Hall before a large audience. Mr. McCammon gave a varied programme, in the rendering of which he not only revealed versatility of taste, but the gift of temperament and unartificial expression. His principal numbers were Clay's "Songs of Araby," Blumenthal's "My Queen" and Allis's "The Lord is My Light." Mr. Frank Blachford played three violin solos with his accustomed refinement of tone and style, and Mrs. Scott-Ruff contributed recitations with elocutionary ability and her well-known personal individuality of manner. Mr. F. Arthur Oliver played the accompaniments in a way that afforded good support to the soloists.

The music-loving public may expect a treat in the forthcoming concert this month of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra of New York, assisted by Mme. Nordica and M. Edouard de Reszke. The programmes have not yet been published, but one may expect a selection worthy of consideration. Mr. Duss, the conductor, by a curious coincidence, has taken the step advocated in this column, that he should abandon the brass band and tour the country with the more more artistic organization, the symphony or orchestra.

Dr. Torrington has received a very appreciative and complimentary letter from Sir Alexander Mackenzie in reference to his work and the singing of his chorals at the recent Musical Festival.

Signor Arditi, whose death in England was reported last week in the daily press, was one of the most genial and experienced operatic conductors in Europe. He was conductor at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in its pulchry days—the days of Tietjens, Gagliardi, Santley, Foley, Trebelli, Mongini, Sinico, and others. It was he who conducted in Toronto on the occasion of the first appearance here of Mme. Albani with Her Majesty's Opera Company in "Lucia di Lammermoor," at which engagement the company also produced "Trovatore," with Salschi as Azucena and Fursch-Madi as Leonora. Signor Arditi composed several pretty orchestral trifles and two or three very taking and popular vocal waltz songs, of which "Il Bacio" was perhaps the most celebrated. A later waltz, "Se Sarai Rose," was, I think, written specially for Mella.

An organ recital was given at the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday evening, April 29, by Miss Carlotta Wickson, a talented pupil of Mr. George D. Atkinson. Her programme numbers were: "Fugue" in D minor, Bach; "Intermezzo" in D flat, Holms; "Sonata," No. 5, Mendelssohn; "On the Coast," Buck; "Pilgrims' Chorus," "Tannhauser," Wagner-Eddy; "Grand Choeur" in B flat, Holms; "Elegy" in G, Lemare; "Festal March" in C major, Talcin. These varied and exacting selections were effectively rendered by Miss Wickson, who by the display of a well-developed technique and good registration evinced an advance in her work highly creditable to her teacher. Miss Wickson was ably assisted by Miss Florence Deacon, contralto, and Miss Nellie Van Camp, soprano. Two bright violin numbers were tastefully played by Miss May Ryan.



"Papa" Lombet.
Mark Twain's Namesake.

A St. Louis harbor boat which has been christened the "Mark Twain," out of compliment to the famous humorist,

is the cause of considerable amusement on the occasions when it is referred to in the St. Louis newspapers. Such items of news as the following are suggestive of startling possibilities: "Mark Twain" in need of repairs." "Mark Twain's boilers explode." "Mark Twain" in head-on collision." It is not difficult to imagine the occasion for even worse shocks to Mr. Clemens's dignity in the future career of the "Mark Twain."

Doing the Telegraph Official.

The Duke de Veragua, the sole descendant of Christopher Columbus, was recently traveling in Chicago. On one occasion he wished to send a wire, and submitted it to a telegraph official, who laconically remarked:

"Twenty-five cents,"
"Signature included?"
"Signature free."

"Even if composed of several words?"
"Don't care a darn how many words it is," growled the clerk.
And the duke added his signature, which read:
"Cristophe Colon de Toledo y Larreategui de la Carda Ramirez de Baquedano y Gante Almirante y Adelantado, Mayor de las Indias, Marques de la Jamaica, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Grande de Espana, Senador del Reino, Caballero de la Insigne Orden del Toison de Oro, Gran Cruz de la Concepcion de Villavieja, Gentil Hombre de Camara del Rey de Espana."

Great Self-Sacrifice.

Jottings of a young lady on a sea voyage:
First day—Stormy weather; bad company.

Second day—Captain most charming; declares his love; offers heart and hand; is refused.

Third day—Captain repeats his offer; threatens to kill himself and me, and to explode the ship with three hundred passengers on board.

Fourth day—Saved three hundred people's lives.

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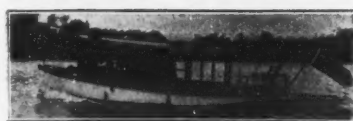
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Young, of Wolseley barracks, London, is visiting Mrs. Willie Gwynne, of Rosedale, to whom her kind and sympathetic presence must be a boon under her sad bereavement in the death of her fine young son—the late Ian Dalrymple Clark.

Mrs. S. H. Jones gave a luncheon on Tuesday at the Hunt Club in honor of Lady Clarke, who on Wednesday returned with Sir John Clarke to Scotland.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross was last week called to Winnipeg by the serious illness of her elder son, who has contracted typhoid pneumonia. The disease had not at time of writing reached the crisis, but the patient was holding his own. Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Ross in her great anxiety.

A fine day, a fine programme and the patronage of the first lady in the land combined for the success of the concert given at Glenedyth on Thursday in aid of the rebuilding fund of Trinity College school chapel. The people who crowded Mrs. Nordheimer's generously lent salons enjoyed the affair greatly. Mrs. Maude and Captain Bell accompanied Lady Minto, who was presented by Mrs. Nordheimer with a bouquet of Liberty roses. Mrs. Osborne's recitation, Mrs. Mackelcan's and Mrs. Eardley Willmott's songs were gems and much applauded. Tea was served after the concert.

Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., did not leave as he intended last Friday, being detained waiting for his ranch partner, who was kept east by some railway disaster. On Monday afternoon Major Cockburn bid farewell to a regretful circle of friends, who heartily wish him success in the North-West. I understand the ranch of which he is part owner is at "Walsh," and that it is in every way prosperous and promising.

Colonel Otter and the Committee of the Military Tournament entertained the Governor-General, the judges, and others connected with last week's big affair, at supper at the close of the Horse Show and Tournament on Saturday night at the Toronto Club, when about sixty persons were present. Lord Minto sat on Colonel Otter's right, and Lord Dundonald on his left.

Mr. Will McKendry, of Harbord street, left this week for a two months' trip to Ireland. He will also visit London and Paris before returning.

Mr. E. S. Clouston of Montreal, Judge Finkle of Woodstock, Mr. F. Starr Jarvis, of London, were some of the visitors to the Horse Show. Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Orerar, the lady sumptuously gowned, with a good deal of white and mauve in her shimmering silks and velvets, were in Mr. Beck's box. Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, looking radiant and happy, was in the Hendrie box. Colonel and Mrs. Turner did not come on from Ottawa, as was reported. However, they will, I hope, be here for the May meeting at the Woodbine.

I heard a tale of a banquet where all the favors were of a most original design. A Cabinet Minister from down east, who is exceedingly "proper," and sometimes almost prim, had a beautiful "Mephisto" on his place card, with the pertinent enquiry, "Who the d— are you?" while on the menu was this shocking query, "What the d— are we to eat?" I am quite sure the Minister had little appetite left after suffering these two shocks.

On Thursday of last week Mr. T. B. Taylor died after a short illness at his home, corner of Sherbourne and Carlton streets. Mr. Taylor was the president of a large brewing company, and was a member of the Granite and R. C. Y. Clubs, and was justly esteemed for his many fine qualities. His amiable wife and family have the sincere sympathy of all in their bereavement.

The very pretty and petite ladies who occupied the Arthur Massey box at the Horse Show made a charming group, and as usual were dressed in the latest and smartest gowns.

The very large turnout for ladies' saddle horses at the Show, and the fact that the nags were ridden by some of our best known mondaines, lent great interest to the event. Mrs. Adam Beck should be well pleased with her success this show. She might trim a race gown with the ribbons and her pets have won. The grooms and horsemen love to see little Miss Haney in the ring. She looks so wee to drive and ride so cleverly. Miss Jones and Mrs. Agar Adamson as usual rode splendidly.

The polo ponies, large and small, were much appreciated. Major Williams won out as a fast, fearless and graceful rider. Mr. Douglas Young looked very well on horseback. Major Lang's Engineer Corps covered themselves with glory, and their bridge building was quite the gem of the military part of the show. It would be a great feature for the Exhibition ring, and could be done over real water there.

Mr. and Mrs. Miss Cawthra of Yeading Hall and Mrs. Brock returned unexpectedly last week from the South. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra attended the Horse Show at one of the evening performances, and were welcomed back with pleasure by their many friends.

Lady Minto's short visit of inspection and encouragement to the Canadian industries on Monday took a very practical turn in the purchase of a bolt of cream white Canadian homespun for her own and her eldest daughter's wear. Lady Minto admired the specimens of habitation work, as they deserve, and homespun has already been purchased by several stylish women for their summer outing suits.

Miss McLarty of St. Thomas, who has been visiting Miss Lamport during the Horse Show, returned home this week.

Mrs. Samuel C. Herriman of New York was at the Horse Show on Friday night. She came with Mrs. J. J. Dixon, and was one of the most admired women

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present. Many Toronto people will remember Mrs. Herriman when she was here some two years ago as Miss Alice Ward, and as a young matron she appears to make as many conquests as of old.

The students of the Central Ontario School of Art and Industrial Design held their first annual At Home in the spacious galleries of the O. S. A. on the last Thursday evening of April. This social art event was one of the most interesting of the year, and reflected great credit on the students. The paintings, drawings and designs which were exhibited were very promising to the future of the students and the school. The galleries were tastefully decorated with numerous palms, statuary and Oriental draperies. Music was furnished by an orchestra, between the numbers of which solos were rendered by Miss M. Goodwin, Miss L. Elliott, Mrs. Moir Dow. Refreshments were served during the evening from the buffet, which was artistically decorated with roses, ferns, smilax, and candles shaded with the school colors. Dancing closed the programme of a most enjoyable evening. Among the two hundred who were present were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Challenor, Mr. William Cruickshank, Mr. Robert Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mr. C. W. Jefferys, Mr. R. F. Gagen, Mr. C. M. Manly, Mr. W. Blatchley, Mrs. Alex. P. Cockburn, Misses Cockburn, Mr. Ray Cockburn, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith of Simcoe, Dr. and Mrs. William Inglis, Miss Lena Sovereign of Simcoe, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Clemens, Miss Julia Lundy, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Eddis and Miss M. Eddis, Mrs. Charles Edwards, Miss Georgie Urquhart of Victoria, B.C., Miss Ellen Douglas, Mrs. E. F. Church, Mrs. Charles L. Daly, Mrs. E. H. Bauld, Miss M. Carter, Miss Shewan of Montreal, Miss Florence Orr, Mrs. George Hendry, Mr. and Mrs. Stark, Mr. R. Y. Ellis, Mr. S. G. Currie, president of the school, Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, Misses Wadsworth, Miss Jessie Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Carlell Hall, Miss McAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. Van Nostrand, Mr. Ralph Smith of Simcoe, Mr. Robert Hutchinson.

Miss Redden of Kingston is a charming and clever girl guest of Miss Winifred Darling. Miss Constance of Ottawa is a popular visitor, guest of Miss Eva Miles. Mrs. Drury of Kingston is this week with Mrs. Harry Patterson in Brunswick avenue. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson are going abroad next month. Mrs. and Miss Kathleen Coleman are visiting friends in Wellesley street. Miss Fairbairn of Bowmanville came down for the Horse Show and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Shirley Denison.

Mr. and Mrs. William Graham Simp-

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Specialists in High Class Dentistry.

WANTED—SEVERAL INDUSTRIOUS PER-
sons in each state to travel for house established eleven years and with a large capital, to call upon merchants and agents for successful and profitable line. Permanent engagement. Weekly cash salary of \$8 and all traveling expenses and hotel bills advanced in cash each week. Experience not essential. Mention reference and enclose self-addressed envelope. THE NATIONAL, 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

SHEA'S THEATER
WEEK MAY 11
Matinees—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

THE ABORN OPERA COMPANY
Presents an Elaborate Production
of
FRANK DANIELS'
GREATEST SUCCESS

**THE WIZARD
OF THE NILE**
By Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith

Entire Cast and Production Direct
From the Grand Opera House,
WASHINGTON

NEXT WEEK THE JOLLY MUSKETEERS

son are again at their summer cottage, "Fernholm," Balmy Beach, where Mrs. Simpson will receive on the first three Fridays in May and June.
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKee have left for a trip to Atlantic City and New York.



The SUPERIORITY of the
**Nordheimer
Piano**

is due to the fact that every particle of material used in its construction is of the best grade and highest quality obtainable in the world.

THE PURE TONE obtained from this finished product is of that sweet character and charm which is so thoroughly enjoyed by people of superior musical taste and culture.

EVERY
**NORDHEIMER
PIANO**

IS ITS OWN RECOMMENDATION. None are so enthusiastic and pleased with the sweetness of the Nordheimer tone as those who have purchased these famous instruments.

From Cape Breton to Vancouver Island the many thousands of owners of Nordheimer Pianos are its most genuine champions.

Such record is decidedly better testimony to general excellence than a popularity obtained by fulsome advertising or by other indirect means.

Illustrated booklet of Nordheimer Pianos mailed on application.

A PIANO OPPORTUNITY.

The following described instrument is practically new, and has been used in the Nordheimer Recital Hall by artists during the last two months.

It is of beautiful quality in every particular, and guaranteed as if never played on.

\$450. Nordheimer Cabinet Grand, in extra handsome walnut case; height, 4 feet 9 inches; chaste design as above illustration, roller fall board, sustaining pedal trichord, an exquisite and clear tone. Price now \$315.

Bargains like the foregoing don't remain long in stock. Early application by telegram or letter is recommended. Good value allowed for square pianos exchanged during May.

The public are cordially invited to visit our extensive warehouse and RECITAL HALL at any time.
Nordheimers, Limited,
1840 KING ST. EAST, 1903
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Smart Tailor-Made Shirt Waists



Every Style and Finish

ORDERED WORK ONLY

Miss Franklin has pleasure in announcing that she has enlarged the shirt waist department and secured the services of another Expert Cutter.

These Shirt Waists are of the highest grade in cut and finish, and fashionable in design.

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[No. 11-12 RICHMOND STREET WEST,
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Tel.—Main 175.

Misses Armstrong & Anderson

**MILLINERY and
DRESSMAKING**

58 KING ST. WEST

North side, just west of The "Mail" Building.

MRS. JOAN BISHOP

AND
MISS ALEXANDER

406 and 408 YONGE STREET

who have been in New York selecting their Spring Goods return to-day and are prepared to show all the latest styles and novelties for the coming season.

COLES'

Caterers and
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Confectioners....

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Osteopathy is a scientific method of treating all forms of disease. It is both **BLOODLESS** and **DRUGLESS**.

Full information cheerfully given at the office, or literature sent on application.

All treatments given by appointment.

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Consultation free.

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Billiard Tables

For Private Residence,
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We design and build Art Billiard Tables to harmonize with interior work. We have photographs of some very rich tables recently installed in prominent homes. Phone for an engagement with our expert. Advice cheerfully given.

Samuel May & Co.
116 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

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An office
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Building.
Ground Floor in
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Terms moderate.
Apply on premises:
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Spectacles and Eyeglasses.

Artistic and technical excellence may be had at Potter's. The most beautiful models in mountings and the most graceful contours in lenses may be had at this old-established house. Attendants and workers are continuously making a study of what is pleasing and appropriate in spectacles and eyeglasses. They have also developed a rare degree of manual skill and a full knowledge of lenses, with their manifold combinations. Potter's workshop is a veritable technical institute, where high-class and unusual lenses are made up, and the most scrupulous care taken to fulfill the exact instructions of the oculists and meet the precise requirements of those who for various reasons must have particular glasses. Potter's, 85 Yonge street, Toronto.

UNITARIAN LITERATURE—By Rev. Stopford Brooke and Dr. Martineau of England; Edward Everett Hale, Robert Collyer, Minot J. Savage, and other eminent Unitarians of America, may be obtained free on application to the
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**Racing and
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MAY 23 to JUNE 6

AT LEAST SIX RACES EACH DAY
Admission to Grand Stand and Betting Ring \$1.00;
Reserved Seats, \$1.50

THE KING'S PLATE

WILL BE RUN ON

Saturday, May 23rd, at 4.30 p.m.

A Regimental Band will play daily on the lawn.
Special Rates on all railways.

WM. HENDRIE, President. W. P. FRASER, Secy.-Treas.

GOD SAVE THE KING

The Glorious Climax of a Brilliant Season.

Under the gracious patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Minto.

Mon. Afr. & Evg., May 25 | MASSEY HALL

**METROPOLITAN
OPERA HOUSE**

ORCHESTRA

Under the direction of **J. S. DUBS**

With **MME. NORDICA
and EDOUARD DORSEZKE**

As Soloists in the Evening.

MISS ELECIA GIFFORD and NAHAN FRANKO, Solo Violin, at the Matinee.

Prices—Evg., \$1.00 to \$3.00; Mf., 50c, 75c, \$1.
Subscribers list now open at hall.

A Handsome Gift to a Bride is a Dressing Bag

There is more real value shown for the money expended than in any other article.



We have always made a specialty of Dressing Bags, and our business in this line has grown to such an extent that we now carry the largest and best assorted stock in America.

Prices \$13.00 to \$65.00

CATALOGUE "S" describes all our leading lines in Dressing Bags, Traveling Goods and Leather Goods. We pay express charges in Ontario and make liberal allowances to other points.

The **JULIAN SALE** LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited
105 King St. West, Toronto

Established 50 Years Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co. Established 50 Years

Canada's Leading Piano FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS THE

Heintzman & Co. Piano

has held the place. It is par excellence the best of all instruments for the cultured home. Its brilliancy of tone and responsive touch are unsurpassed.

"Your new Scale Concert Grand Piano possesses unique musical characteristics that must give it a distinctive place among the great pianos of the world. I shall insist on having a Heintzman & Co. new Scale Grand Piano whenever I visit Canada."—BURNSTEINER.

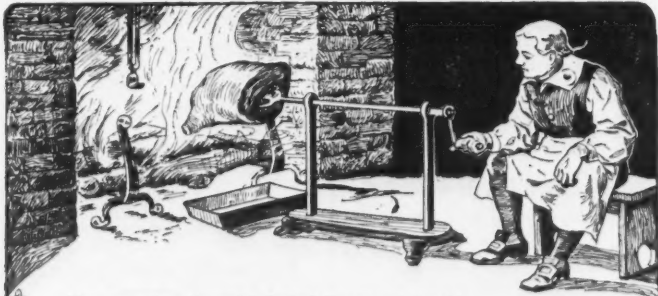
Ye Olde Firme of HEINTZMAN & CO., Limited, 115-117 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO



Swell Shirt Waists

To your Measure. They Fit and have a Style and Grace about them that cannot be secured elsewhere. Shirts made and delivered in a few days.

TOLTON & MACKAY
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The oven of an Imperial Oxford Range and the old-fashioned spit before an open fireplace do better roasting than any other cooking apparatus invented. In the olden days the spit had to be kept turning to get all sides of a roast cooked. It is much the same with the ordinary cook-stove. The heat of the oven is greatest on the fire side—roasts, bread, pies, cakes, etc., have to be turned and twisted to get them cooked at all. The result is uneven, unsatisfactory cooking—good food ruined. The diffusive flue construction of the

Imperial Oxford Range

draws fresh air into the flue chamber, super-heats it and diffuses it evenly over the oven, thus heating it quickly, thoroughly and uniformly—back, front and sides are at the same equal temperature. The result is juicy, tender roasts, light, dainty pastry, evenly raised bread—successful cooking. When you buy an Imperial Oxford Range you get the result of over sixty years' thought and experience in scientific construction of cooking apparatus.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited
Toronto, Canada
Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

Social and Personal.

Rev. W. A. Gustin of St. Matthias', Toronto, will be at home at the residence of Mrs. F. J. Roy, 21 Rusholme Road, on Tuesday evening, May 12th, when he will bid farewell to his friends previous to his departure from Toronto.

Next Tuesday, May 12th, at 3 p.m., in the public hall of the Normal school, Mrs. Jean Joy will speak on "The Relation of Food to Health." This is the last open meeting of the Household Economic Association for the season. All friends interested are very cordially invited.

Last Friday, May 1st, a "gathering of the clans" marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wright, of 278 Jarvis street. The happy event was participated in by about seventy-five friends and relatives, all of whom were unanimous in their opinion that the affair was in every way a decided success. The house was prettily decorated with palms, ferns and roses, and an immense bell, encircled by wreaths of fern, was appropriately suspended from the ceiling at one end of the drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Wright received many and valuable gifts of silver, typical of the termination of a happy matrimonial epoch and the beginning of a still happier one.

Mr. James A. Tucker, Miss Dot Nichols, Mrs. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Allan, Miss McGee, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. C. E. Morrison, Miss M. Cousineau, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, of Toronto; Mrs. and Miss Scarfe, Mr. R. Scarfe, of Brantford; Mrs. William Macdougall, Mrs. Charles Harris, of Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sadler, of Lindsay; Mrs. Patriarche of Winnipeg; Rev. R. Hicks, of Simcoe; Mrs. Beck, of London; Miss James, of Halifax; Mrs. Sheldon T. Vile, Miss Anna Vile, Mr. Edward S. Wilkes, of Niagara Falls; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Francis, of Niagara Falls; Mr. W. Bremner, Miss Bremner, Mr. S. B. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Watkins, of Hamilton, are among recently registered guests at the Welland, St. Catharines.

On Monday evening there was a dinner given at the vice-regal residence by His Excellency and the Countess of Minto, to which the following guests were honored by an invitation: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. and Miss Mortimer Clark, Commander and Mrs. Law, the Archbishop of Toronto, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweetman, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Sir William and Lady Howland, Senator and Miss Aikins, Senator and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Sir John and Lady Boyd, the Premier of Ontario and Miss Ross, Hon. R. Harcourt and Mrs. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, the President and Mrs. London, Colonel Otter, D.O.C., and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. W. Molsen Macpherson, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. W. K. McNaught. The dinner table was decorated with a profusion of pink roses, and tall candles shaded in pale pink shed a mellow glow over the board. Not all of the guests invited were enabled to accept the hospitality of their distinguished hosts, but between twenty and thirty were at the first dinner of the week.

Mr. MacMurdy and his family have removed from Sherbourne street to 133 Bloor street east, where Dr. Helen MacMurdy also has her office. The Misses MacMurdy will receive on Mondays.

The popular comedian and character actor, Mr. Harry Rich, will accept a limited number of private pupils in the art of acting. His recent illness compels him to relinquish the stage, but his present condition will permit of his accepting pupils. His course imparts to pupils the knowledge and practical stage training requisite to a successful debut. Mr. Rich has had 25 years' experience, he has spent considerable time with large stock companies as stage director, and he has also very successfully conducted many popular local productions. For terms, etc., apply to studio, 265 Richmond street west.

The first annual exhibition of the pupils of the Toronto School of Physical Culture and Expression is announced for Friday next, at Guild Hall, McGill street. The excellent work which has been attained at the regular classes affords assurance of an interesting programme. Special features will be an exhibition of fencing and series of "poses plastiques."

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

On and After May 14th Steamer CHICORA Will Leave Yonge Street Dock (East Side) at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Daily (except Sunday) for Niagara, Queenston, and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central & Hudson River R.R., Michigan Central R.R., International Ry. Co. (Can. Div.), Niagara Gorge Ry. Co.

Arrive Toronto 1.15 p.m. and 8.15 p.m. Family Book Tickets now on sale at General Office, 54 King St. East, only. B. W. FOLGER, Manager.

R&O Ticket Office:
2 King St. East

May Excursions

TORONTO to SINGLE, \$6.50
MONTREAL (RETURN, 11.50)

Same Rates to Intermediate Ports
Meals and Berth included

Steamers leave Mondays and Thursdays at 7:30 p.m. On and after June 2, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

TORONTO-MONTREAL LINE
Commencing Monday, June 1, STEAMER TORONTO leaves Toronto 4 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and on after June 15, STEAMER TORONTO leaves Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and STEAMER KINGSTON Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Saturday to Monday Excursions
To Charlotte, Port of Rochester, Thousand Islands, Prescott and return, commencing June 6.
Quebec and Saguenay Line now running.
H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, Western Pass. Agt.

SIMMERS' Superb Nasturtiums

TALL OR CLIMBING VARIETIES



Elegant and luxuriant climbers for verandahs, trellises, etc., bearing the gorgeous flowers in profusion until killed by frost. May be used to cover unsightly railings and to trail over rough ground with fine effect. The seed pods can be gathered while green and tender for pickling. 6 to 10 feet. (See cut.) **Simmers' Special Mixture—Variegated.** Pkt. 5c, oz. 10c, 2 oz. 20c, 1/4 lb. 30c, 1/2 lb. 50c, 1 lb. \$1.00.

Hybrids of Madame Gunther Nasturtium

There have already been produced twenty-two different colors or combination of colors in these new hybrids, including various shades of rose, salmon, bright red, pale yellow, etc., either self-colored or spotted, mottled, striped and marginal. For covering trellises, fences, arbors, piazzas, trailing from vases, over rockwork, etc., nothing can equal the gorgeous effect produced by their marvelous quantities of bloom borne in uninterrupted splendor from early summer until cut down by frost. Their ease of culture, the rapidity of growth, luxuriant and dense, to a height of 12 to 15 feet are wonderful. Pkt. 5c, oz. 10c, 2 oz. 20c, 1/4 lb. 30c, 1/2 lb. 50c, 1 lb. \$1.00.

Lobbs' Climbing Nasturtiums

The brilliant and profusion in blooming of the Lobbianum varieties render them superior for trellises, arbors and vases, etc., also for greenhouse or conservatory decoration in winter; annuals; 6 to 10 feet.

Lobbianum, Finest Mixed.—This mixture is composed of the finest and most distinct varieties in this grand free flowering type. Planted in masses it will produce most gorgeous and showy effects. Pkt. 5c, oz. 10c, 2 oz. 20c, 1/4 lb. 30c, 1/2 lb. 50c, 1 lb. \$1.00.

Tom Thumb, Dwarf or Bedding Varieties Nasturtiums

The improved varieties of the Dwarf Nasturtium are among the most popular and beautiful of our garden plants. Their neat, compact growth, rich colored flowers and free blooming and long-lasting qualities, together with their adaptability to almost any soil or situation, make them unsurpassed for garden decoration. 1 foot.

Simmers' Special Dwarf Mixture.—Pkt. 5c, oz. 10c, 2 oz. 20c, 1/4 lb. 30c, 1/2 lb. 50c, 1 lb. \$1.00.

J. A. SIMMERS, 147-149-151 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Canada's Premier Seed House

Canada's Premier Seed House

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED SEED CATALOGUE, FREE

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Ladies' HATS

READY-TO-WEAR



Prices From \$1.50 to \$5.00
SPECIAL LINE FOR \$3.00

Orders outside the city will have prompt attention. Goods sent on approval if satisfactory reference is given.

Holt, Renfrew & Co.
TORONTO and QUEBEC

The Only VENTILATED MATTRESS



YOU GO TO BED TO REST BUT If your mattress is hard or lumpy, or sagged in the center you get up tired.

IF YOU LIE ON A "MARSHALL" you will be rested and fresh as a daisy when you get up.

IT IS THE FINEST MATTRESS IN THE WORLD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.
259 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Phone Main 4533.
Factories—Toronto, Chicago and London, England.

Painting

I do any kind of painting that can be done in the very best way and at the lowest prices consistent with honest work. Graining and decorating, too. The latter is my specialty, and if you will entrust your next order to me I will give you satisfaction.

PHONES: Office—2677, House—3774

JAMES J. O'HEARN
161 QUEEN ST. WEST

DR. C. J. RODGERS
DENTIST

Has removed to CARLTON CHAMBERS,
No. 1 CARLTON STREET.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Brennen—Tuesday, 5th May, at 82 Grant avenue, Hamilton, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Brennen, a daughter.
Eaton—May 6, Toronto, Mrs. J. C. Eaton, a son.
Burrell—May 3, Toronto, Mrs. R. H. Burrell, a daughter.
Tarr—May 5, Toronto, Mrs. S. R. Tarr, a daughter.
Campbell—May 1, Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Campbell, a son.
Merritt—May 4, St. Catharines, Mrs. L. A. Merritt, a daughter.
Mullock—April 29, Blinbrook, Ont., Mrs. M. J. Mullock, a daughter.
Stevenson—May 4, Toronto, Mrs. A. W. Stevenson, a son.

Marriages.

Farish—Mitchell—April 30, Cobourg. Francis Farish to Edith Louise Mitchell, A.T.C.M.
Rhodes—Blain—April 29, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Chas. Taylor Rhodes, C.E., to Mabel Louise Blain.
Allen—Lyon—Toronto, Thomas B. Allen, M.D., to Verena Miller Lyon.
Byrne—Fraser—May 2, Toronto, John R. Byrne to Annie Fraser.

Deaths.

Bowman—May 5, Toronto, Ezra Lewis Bowman, aged 52 years.
Ord—May 5, St. Agathe, Que., Bianca A. Ord.
Roome—May 6, Toronto, Thomas F. Roome, aged 82 years.
Bridgland—May 6, Bracebridge, Ont., Dr. Samuel Bridgland, M.P.P., aged 55 years.
Gerrard—May 2, St. Thomas, Douglas Gerrard, C.E., aged 52 years.
Nichols—May 1, Toronto, A. J. Nichols.
Buchanan—May 1, E. Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa., Harris Buchanan.
Redfern—Toronto, George Redfern, aged 5 years.
Gilmour—May 1, Brockville, Kate Gilmour, aged 17 years.

W. H. STONE
UNDERTAKER
YONGE 343 STREET
Phone—Main 932

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
Phone 675, 350 YONGE STREET



This cornet is a gem. It is easy to blow, responsive and accurate in all its working parts, true scale, smooth bore, pure tone, both brilliant and sympathetic.

\$35.00

Including solid leather case and all attachments. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Limited
143 Yonge Street
Band instruments repaired.

A CHANCE FOR CLEVER PEOPLE

It should be easy for people who drink delicious Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea to say something that will induce their friends to try it.

\$545.00 in Cash Prizes

Twenty-five cash Prizes will be awarded in order of merit to those sending in the best advertisements for Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea.

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|----------------------------------|---------|----------|
| First Prize | - - - - | \$200.00 |
| Second Prize | - - - - | 100.00 |
| Third Prize | - - - - | 40.00 |
| 4th to 13th Prizes, \$10.00 each | - - - - | 100.00 |
| 14th to 25th, \$5.00 each | - - - - | 60.00 |

\$500.00

In addition, beginning with the week ending April 4, a special weekly prize of \$5.00 will be given to the one sending in the best advertisement during that week, making for the nine weeks \$45.00 in special prizes, or a grand total of thirty-four cash prizes, \$545.

CONDITIONS

- 1st. No professional ad. writer, nor anyone connected directly or indirectly with the Blue Ribbon Tea Company may compete.
- 2nd. Advertisements must not contain more than 50 words, and shorter ones are preferable.
- 3rd. One of the cards used in packing Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea—there are two in each package—must be enclosed with each batch of advertisements sent.
- 4th. The competition closes June 1, 1903, and all competing advertisements must reach one of the following addresses on or before that date.

**Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Winnipeg, Man.
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Toronto, Ont.
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Vancouver, B.C.**

- 5th. No person shall be awarded more than one of the main prizes, but may also take one or more weekly prizes.
- 6th. In case of a tie, decision will be based on all the advertisements by the competitors in question.

Mr. H. M. E. Evans, of the Winnipeg Telegram, has kindly consented to act as the advertisements and award prizes.

All advertisements that fail to win a prize, but which are good enough to be accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each.

Unless expressly requested to the contrary, we will consider ourselves at liberty to publish the names of prize winners.

A good advertisement should be truthful and contain an idea brightly and forcibly expressed. A bona fide signed letter with address and date from one who has tested the tea, is a good form. An advertisement for an article of food should not associate with it, even by contrast, any unpleasant idea. The best advertisement is the one that will induce the most people to try the article advertised.

Seek your Inspiration in a Cup of Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea and the Money is yours.